

THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XVI.—No. 398.

NOVEMBER 2, 1857.

Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

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Toronto, 27th August, 1857.

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THE PROFESSORSHIP of CIVIL ENGINEERING, in the QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BELFAST, being about to become VACANT. Candidates for that Office are requested to forward their testimonials to the Under-Secretary, Dublin Castle, on or before the 20th day of NOVEMBER next, in order that the same may be submitted to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.
The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter upon his duties immediately after his appointment.
Dublin Castle, October 17, 1857.

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Conductor, Mr. HENRY LESLIE.—THE FIRST PRELIMINARY REHEARSAL of the above SOCIETY will take place at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2. The Tickets are now ready for delivery at ROBERT W. OLLIVIER'S Music Warehouse, 19, Old Bond-street, Piccadilly.
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KENT ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.
President.—The MARQUESS CAMDEN, K.G.
Vice-Presidents.

THE EARL of ABERGAVENNY.
THE EARL AMHERST.
THE EARL DARNLEY.
THE VISCOUNT FALMOUTH.
SIR BROOK BRIDGES, BART.
M.P.

At a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen favorable to the formation of a KENT ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, held at Mereworth Castle on Saturday, Sept. 19th, 1857, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

- I. That a Society be formed, to be called THE KENT ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.
- II. That the Marquess Camden, K.G., be President thereof.
- III. That Members of either House of Parliament shall, on becoming Members of the Society, be placed on the List of Vice-Presidents.
- IV. That the Rules of the Sussex Archaeological Society, having been already tested by experience, be adopted by this Society.
- V. That a Committee be formed, with instructions to apply to those who are supposed to be favourable to the objects of this Society, to invite them to become original members without the ballot.
- VI. That the said Committee be instructed to consider and report to a General Meeting any alteration in the Rules that may appear to be necessary for the success of the Society.
- VII. That the said General Meeting be summoned as soon as the Committee are prepared with their Report, and that the Rules then be submitted for final approval.
- VIII. That the Rev. Lambert B. Larking be the Honorary Secretary.

The following names have been already received:—
The Earl of Abergavenny.
The Countess of Abergavenny.
The Earl Amherst.
Rev. F. Baldwin, Berstead.
F. Bennock, Esq.
The Lady Isabel Elgh.
Rev. W. Moore Brabazon.
Sir Brook Bridges, Bart., M.P.
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The Annual Sessions, each lasting five months, commence on the 1st of March and the 1st of October, and end on the last day of February and of July respectively. The months of August and September, one week at Christmas, and one week at Whitsuntide are vacations. The classes meet every day, except Saturday. Hours of Study.—Morning, 10 to 3; Evening, 7 to 9.

In connexion with the Training School, and open to the public, separate classes are established for Male and Female Students; the Studies, comprising Drawing, Painting, and Modelling, as applied to Ornament, the Figure, and Still Life. Fees for classes studying the whole day 4l. 4s. per Session; for classes studying only in the morning, afternoon, or the evening, 2s. per Session. An evening class for females, meeting on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 7 to 9 o'clock.—Fee, 10s. per Session.

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A Register of the Students' attendance is kept, and may be consulted by Parents and Guardians.

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Free-hand Drawing of Ornament, &c., and Deputy Head Master—Mr. R. W. Herman.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A.—There is no detailed memoir of the person to whom you refer, and in our opinion personal feeling has had too much to do with the estimation in which both the man and his works are at present held to render a calm appreciation of either possible. We have heard that a collection of anecdotes, bon mots, &c., is contemplated.

TO OUR READERS.—We have been unavoidably compelled to defer the publication of the second half of the Memoir of the Royal Academy. Our readers may, however, be assured that it will appear with the number of the CRITIC for the 15th of November.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD : ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SLOWLY and steadily London is coming back to itself. The QUEEN has left her Highland home; once more we hear of Cabinet Councils at Windsor; speculation begins to be rife as to when Parliament will open; there is a buzzing about the doors of clubs and a removal of brown-holland coverings in Tyburnia; Belgravia exhibits signs of vitality by driving the poor organ-boys from between the wind and her nobility; Mr. ALBERT SMITH, fresh from Continental travel, and from guiding the PRINCE OF WALES up Mont Blanc, will ere long reopen his entertainment at the Egyptian Hall, and when that takes place we all know that the wheel of Fashion is moving again. The season properly so called, which seldom begins much before May, will this year be antedated by some months—so far, at least, as the Opera is concerned. Mr. LUMLEY, determined to take the wind out of Mr. GYE's sails, intends to open her Majesty's theatre in January, with every attraction that can be collected together. Meantime, Mr. GYE is straining every nerve to get his new house up in time for an early season; upon the lately untenanted acres over against Covent Garden there now grows a perfect forest of bare poles; and, although the first stone still awaits the imposition of princely hands, many thousands of bricks are already in their places. In a word, the work is going on in earnest, as any one might suspect who saw Mr. LUMLEY peeping eagerly through a chink in the hoarding the other day. What a subject for a historical painter!

The Manchester Art Treasures are now being dispersed, and in a few days nothing will be left within the walls of the queer brick building at Old Trafford but the memory of departed glories. Well; it has been a great experiment, well carried out in the main, productive of incalculable good, and highly creditable to most of the persons engaged in conducting it. In spite of many glaring defects in the arrangement of the treasures—errors which were entirely due to the mistakes which the Executive Committee made in the choice of some of their agents—in spite of the absence of anything fit to be called a catalogue, the educational results of this exhibition have been valuable. Compared with the results of the Great Exhibition of 1851, they are infinitely more valuable in proportion to the extent; for, whereas the Great Exhibition was a school for buyers, the Art Treasures Exhibition has been a school for sellers. We are glad to perceive that the master-manufacturers themselves seem to be fully aware of this; for, in spite of the badness of the times, more than one employer took the whole body of his workpeople up to Manchester, and there let them bask in the sunshine of art for one whole day. Nor will such a recreation, short though it be, be thrown away. Morally and intellectually it must work to the improvement of the people; for beauty and truth cannot enter into the soul of a man, though but for a single instant, without leaving him a stronger and a better man for their visit. As for the pecuniary results of the Exhibition, we do not attach much credence to the reports that there is to be a surplus of 10,000*l*. We observe that the Executive Committee, in its report, modestly states that, without making any promise, they may assert a belief that the Guarantee Fund will not be interfered with. At any rate, whatever may be the surplus, it cannot be very great, and it can never be an item worthy to be spoken of as a result beside the invaluable consequences at which we have hinted. We bid farewell to the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition cordially and gratefully. We liked it well, and spoke favourably of it from the first, when

contemporaries—now perhaps more jubilant than we—asked contemptuously "What the men of Manchester had to do with Art?" That is a question which now cannot ever be asked again.

Stimulated by the Manchester example, certain gentlemen, influential in artistic circles, are trying to get up a feeling in favour of a Universal Art Exhibition in 1861. We do not think that this is either possible or desirable. It will not be possible, we think, to persuade the owners of the priceless and unique treasures which were sent to Manchester to part with their valued possessions a second time; nor do we think it desirable that this metropolis should commit itself to what would probably be an inferior even if a more extensive experiment. If attempted, it would probably result in something like the *Exposition des Beaux Arts* in 1855—an interesting collection of modern pictures, it is true, but still not a school of art.

The Committee of the Council of Education is making an effort to spread the elementary knowledge of Art among the poor. A circular has been disseminated indicating the method of obtaining a local drawing-master, to be specially commissioned by the Committee itself, when a list of five hundred names has been registered at least, or one per cent upon the population of the place. A fee of sixpence per pupil is to be paid, and to be continued annually during the residence of the master. The Committee will pay the master a bonus of three shillings on every child to take a prize. There are other regulations, which affect the training of the masters themselves. The plan seems excellent and feasible.

The Congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science concludes most auspiciously. Some of the papers read at the different meetings were of the highest value, and, considering the nature of the audience to whom they were submitted, we cannot think that they will have been read in vain. Few of the important questions of moral, intellectual, and social reform which remain moot among the thoughtful were left unsifted; and the country is greatly indebted to Lord BROUGHAM for the interest which he took in the whole business and the ability with which he conducted it.

Whilst the public is astounded and the learned are amusing themselves with the portentous controversies about telegraph, telegram, and telegrapheme, recent disclosures in a court of law lead us to look with an air of no inconsiderable suspicion upon the manner in which the telegraph companies are conducted. We have hitherto been under the impression that the messages intrusted to these companies for transmission were preserved from prying eyes under the seal of the most inviolable secrecy. It now appears, upon the confession of the Deputy-Chairman himself, that he has exercised, and deems himself at liberty to exercise, the strictest supervision over the intelligence transmitted, and that he holds it to be no breach of trust for him to operate upon the Stock Exchange with the information thus acquired fresh in his mind. When we remember the importance of the intelligence sometimes transmitted by Government, by financiers, by eminent merchants, we are loth to subscribe to the doctrine. Speculating upon the Stock Exchange is but another term for gambling. Whether the implements be cards, dice, horses, or the rise and fall of stocks, it is only staking money upon a contingent event. But the man who plays after seeing the fronts of his adversary's cards can scarcely be said to play fair. This matter ought to be looked to, and the public ought to understand how far and to whom the secrets which they intrust to the telegraph are liable to supervision. It is a question which vitally affects the usefulness of that wonderful triumph of modern science.

The question about the word itself seems to have subsided, or, at any rate, it is in abeyance. Messrs. SHILLET, DONALDSON, and WALFORD have had a hearty battle over the matter; and the result appears to be that Learning pronounces in favour of *telegrapheme*, whilst Convenience is for *telegram*. At any rate, we shall be curious to know whether a certain cheap daily paper, which is now honourably realising all our sanguine prophecies about the eventual success of the cheap press—prophecies which were made when most of our brethren were crying it down as a symptom of decadence in the press—whether that will change its name in consequence.

Mr. LAYARD is fond of business; he refuses to be shelved; an ungrateful constituency will have none of him; so he takes the people of England

for his clients, broad India for the new scene of his glory, and has set out upon a self-elected commission of inquiry. We presume that the object of this journey is to be political rather than literary; and we have small hopes, therefore, of the discovery of a new Elephantia to serve for a pendant to the disinterred wonders of Nineveh. As he did in the Crimea, Mr. LAYARD has gone to look on and gather the means of acquiring some new political capital. What a pity that great men should so mistake their vocation! Experience teaches us that Mr. LAYARD makes the best possible travelling antiquarian, but not much of a politician. As COSTARD said for Sir NATHANIEL, "He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis;—a little o'er-parted."

The case of "*FONBLANQUE versus BUCKSTONE*," decided by Mr. BAYLEY at the Westminster County Court, does not, in our opinion, establish any principle beyond confirming us in our preconceived belief as to the "glorious uncertainty" of county courts. We have reason to believe that the decision is as unintelligible to lawyers as it must be to theatrical managers. The facts of the case are briefly these. Mr. FONBLANQUE, without being solicited to do so, sent a manuscript farce to Mr. BUCKSTONE for his approval; to which favour the latter neither vouchsafed any reply, nor did he return the farce. This certainly was not very polite on Mr. BUCKSTONE's part; but politeness is not a legal obligation; and some excuses must be made for a manager upon the ground that, if he were to read half the manuscripts which are submitted to him in the same manner, he might find therein full occupation for the whole of his valuable time. The writers who really can produce anything worth a manager's acceptance are, generally speaking, very well known; and any promising *débütant* in dramatic literature can easily obtain an introduction to the manager through the medium of some better known author. As a rule, therefore, the managers do not devote much attention to the heaps of MSS. which are shot at their stage doors; and, as authors usually send only copies of their productions, the common rule is simply reversed, and silence is usually interpreted not to signify consent. So much for the question, as it stands between author and manager. Upon the broad legal principle it is plainly wrong to suppose that your leaving anything at a man's house, when unsolicited to do so, imposes any obligation upon him even to return it. If he confesses to the possession and promises restitution, that is another thing, because you then have your action for *detinue*, or illegal detention; but if he denies any knowledge either of you or your property, it is of no avail to prove that you left the latter at his house. Mr. FONBLANQUE's claim was for the value of his farce, and the expenses of coming up to London to look after it. The confession and promise of Mr. WYLD, Mr. BUCKSTONE's treasurer, seemed to give some grounds for a claim in *detinue*; but the decision of the judge seemed based neither upon special damage or *detinue*. He gave a shilling damages for the farce, and the expenses of the journey to London. But it was not proved either that Mr. FONBLANQUE came up to London expressly on account of his farce, or that he had not another copy of it at home. The award of a shilling damages was a sufficient proof of the judge's appreciation of the wrong sustained. Why then give the expenses for coming after that which could only be valued at so little? The immediate result of this case is that Mr. BUCKSTONE has affixed to his playbills the following "NOTICE.—In future, the management will not receive any manuscript plays for perusal unless the writers can obtain an introduction through any one of the members of the Dramatic Authors' Society."

It has been suggested to us that when Mr. DICKENS and his party of sturdy reformers make their next onslaught upon the Conservative party among the subscribers to the Literary Fund, they will have to explain away certain little facts connected with that disagreeable subject, the JERROLD Remembrance Fund, before their criticism upon the expenses of management can be accepted. Out of 4800*l*. collected, only 2000*l*. has been appropriated to the purposes of the Fund—in other words, 58 per cent. have gone in expenses. A large proportion this! Surely the Literary Fund never attained it. But then the expenses of such an undertaking are naturally great; advertising is not effected gratis, dresses must be paid for, rents must be liquidated, railway travelling defrayed, and hotel

expenses do come uncommonly heavy. Still 2800*l.* is a large sum.

Our readers will not have forgotten the little controversy about "Lorimer Littlegood." We had not dismissed it from our mind, but certainly thought that we had quite exhausted the subject in our columns. According to our usual custom, we gave insertion to a letter pointing out what certainly seemed to be a very extraordinary fact, and one likely to be of interest in the publishing world. In consequence of a request from Mr. BLACKWOOD, we required further explanation from our correspondent, and obtained it; the correspondent appending his name and address to his communication as a conclusive proof of his good faith, and of the absence of any malice against Mr. BLACKWOOD. To this explanation we at the same time added the results of our own private inquiries, which had the effect of clearing up the matter and laying the blame of the matter upon the proper shoulders. The whole mystification, as we then explained, arose from the dishonesty of an American publisher, who had appropriated the property without the consent of the author, and was publishing it with a false name upon the title-page. At the same time we stated that Mr. BLACKWOOD had acted with perfect *bona fides* in the matter; that the work was really by Mr. COLE; and that Mr. BLACKWOOD had published it in the legitimate way of business. It appears, however, that Mr. BLACKWOOD is not satisfied with this explanation, but, on the contrary, that he unaccountably holds himself to be still subject to some imputation on our part. Accordingly he forwards to us the following paragraph, to which we very willingly give insertion, not from any feeling that it is needed,

but to prove to Mr. BLACKWOOD (if he be open to proof) that we wish to act as fairly as possible in the matter:—

"A letter having appeared in THE CRITIC of September 1, conveying the impression that the periodical, 'Lorimer Littlegood, Esq., a young Gentleman who wished to see Society, and saw it accordingly,' was not written by ALFRED W. COLE, and that it was merely an American reprint; the Editor of THE CRITIC, having made the necessary inquiries, begs to state that this work is from the pen of ALFRED W. COLE, Barrister, that it is an English copy-right, a portion of it never having appeared in print, but is in course of publication in monthly parts, by Mr. JAMES BLACKWOOD of Paternoster-row." In addition we have only to state that, according to our own information, every word of this is perfectly true; but at the same time we must remind Mr. BLACKWOOD that we have already given the same explanation in another shape.

Messrs. HURST and BLACKETT, of Great Marlborough-street, announce in their list of publications for the new season the following interesting works:—Mr. Atkinson's Narrative of his Seven Years' Travels in Oriental and Western Siberia, Chinese Tartary, &c., embellished with upwards of fifty illustrations, including numerous beautifully-coloured plates from the author's original drawings; a new work by Mr. Martin F. Tupper, entitled The Rides and Reveries of Mr. Æsop Smith, in 1 vol; Personal Recollections of the last Four Popes, by Cardinal Wiseman; A Woman's Thoughts about Women, by the author of "John Halifax," 1 vol.; a new and revised edition of Lady Falkland's Chow-Chow, in 2 vols; and a

new and cheaper edition, with numerous additional illustrations, of The Oxonian in Norway, by the Rev. F. Metcalfe, in 1 volume. The same publishers have in the press, among other works of fiction by popular writers:—The Lady of Glynne, by the author of "Margaret and Her Bridesmaids;" Orphans, by the author of "Margaret Maitland;" Caste, by the author of "Mr. Arle;" Seymour and his Friends, by Miss F. Williams; and new novels by Miss Kavanagh and Mrs. Grey.

We have just received the first number of the *Illustrated Inventor*, of whose advent we spoke some weeks back. If we are to judge from first appearances, the promoters will fully bear out the promises of their prospectus. A more creditable opening number we have never seen. The numerous woodcuts are admirable, and "the literature" seems to be excellent. In an article on "Illustrated Literature: its Rise and Progress," a curious point in the history of our facetious contemporary *Punch* is developed:

The appearance of Mr. PUNCH in our popular literature marks notable progress in the art. Mr. P. is now a very exalted abstraction in the popular mind, a mythic-heroical Castor, Pollux, or Hercules kind of person, albeit of Fleet-street. Even the great PUNCH is largely indebted to the old wood-engraver of Newcastle; for it was a pupil of BEWICK who started that successful publication, though, like too many inventors, he had not the good fortune to share in its great profits. PUNCH gave a new field to pencil and graver, and called forth the marvellous powers of DOYLE and LEECH in character-drawing.

We almost fancy we could name the pupil of "the old wood-engraver."

L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Lives of the Chief Justices of England. By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL. Vol. III. London: Murray.

LORD CAMPBELL has scarcely more just cause for a noble pride in being himself at this hour Lord Chief Justice of England than in the fact that he is also the author of one of the most readable and popular series of biographies. He has even attained to the table of railway stalls; and literary statistics show that scarcely even Lord Macaulay's writings have a greater sale. It follows that the intrinsic excellence of Lord Campbell's books must be of no mean order; and when it is recollected that this fascination has been created in spite of a subject which at first sight seems to be the very reverse of fascinating, and that his heroes have all been men who for the most part have spent their lives in the arid studies and pursuits of a profession which is supposed to be peculiarly dry and monotonous, the result is little short of a prodigy and a marvel.

If the peculiar abilities and accomplishments of the noble author be considered, the problem becomes still more perplexing. Is it some innate and inextinguishable gift of genius which, after lying dormant and unseen for half a century in a mind which, to all appearance, has been exclusively occupied during that period with law—text-books, and reports, has burst forth to gild the great lawyer's latter days? Is it the story over again of Erskine superannuated in his meridian, and soothing the idleness of his ex-Chancellor days by composing Platonic novels and deifying the rising genius of Byron? Not at all. The cases are wholly distinct, and have no point of real resemblance. The magnificent genius of Erskine sunk into tameness and dotage when it sought to transmit by the pen that eloquence which had been irresistible from his lips. Lord Campbell is not, and never was, a genius; he is only a shrewd, subtle, indefatigable man of much natural ability and unsurpassed industry. Such men often write valuable books, but seldom books which are interesting as well as valuable to the taste of the million. Yet here is a work which—we say it with unfeigned respect and with no sinister meaning—may be compared with the immortal work of Boswell.

Strange it is also to say, and yet not less true than strange, that the wide popularity which Lord Campbell's Lives have obtained must be traced in some measure to the qualities which

give its chief charm and value to Boswell's biography. There is something of identical nationality at the bottom of this resemblance, and something also of the same indiscreet and therefore racy and delightful garrulity. The heroes of biographies are generally scarcely more matter-of-fact or real persons than the heroes of fashionable novels. The same prim, precise, and unobjectionable propriety and elegance make both faultless and both intolerable. "We cannot blame indeed," but we can and must "sleep." "That robe of quality so struts and swells, none sees what parts of nature it conceals;" and therefore it is that when an unfastidious and perhaps unscrupulous but still honest biographer blurts out a mass of facts and anecdotes, which show his subject to have been just what every one is conscious that he and his neighbours are when the conventional mask is dropped or rent away, it is impossible not to feel a deep debt of gratitude towards the genius which has the conscious or perhaps unconscious gift of painting men neither better nor worse than they were, and, on the whole, exactly as they were.

Such is the rare but undoubted merit of Lord Campbell's Lives; and if we note as faults of their matter a disposition, which many think excessive to relate indelicate and profane anecdotes, which is certainly strange in one who has recently added stringency to the law against the publication of similar indecencies—and as faults of style a laxity of construction and a poverty of language, as well as some idiomatic delinquencies which betray the country of the noble author—all that remains to be said is nearly unqualified praise. We trust, however, that in a subsequent edition English eyes and ears may not be wounded with the frequent solecisms of such phrases as "he did become," for he became (p. 139), "he did conduct," for he conducted (p. 147).

The first life in this volume is that of Lord Kenyon. Lord Campbell begins it with an apprehension—certainly well founded—that his estimate of the character of this celebrated judge will not find favour in the eyes of the admirers of the latter. "Leguleius quidam cautus et acutus" is the Ciceronian judgment pronounced by the present Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench on the public and professional character of his predecessor. His estimate of Lord Kenyon's personal and private character, as a man of the strictest probity and most sturdy independence of principle, is rather of a higher, indeed of the highest standard; with, however, the grave quali-

fication that even these excellencies were tarnished by an unseemly and unjustifiable parsimony.

Yet, at the outset of his career, and for many years after manhood had been attained and man's habits formed by Lloyd Kenyon, he had sad and sufficient necessity for the vice which makes man least amiable, because least profitable, to his fellow-man. Like Johnson, he worked out to the extremity of its bitter truth the adage, "Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se quam quod ridiculos homines facit." Like Johnson, he had worked out the truth also of the translated maxim, "I rises worth by poverty depressed." If the Chief Justice kept but two shabby wigs; wore, for years uncounted but numerous, only one and the same seedy pair of silken breeches; and dined his family, to the last, on Sundays on a shoulder of mutton, duly taken down from town on Saturdays to the mouldering grange near Richmond, while the Chief Justice talked complacently of the 250,000*l.* which son George was to inherit; it should never be forgotten, still less remembered with a sneer or even with a smile, that for many long briefless years Lloyd Kenyon, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, was glad enough to dine for sevenpence-halfpenny at the small eating-house in Chancery-lane, and bear, as well as he could, the ridicule of his friends Dunning and Horne Tooke, who gave munificently a penny always to the serving-girl, while poor Lloyd, from a sad knowledge of the value of a halfpenny, sighed over the necessary disbursement of that sum on the same occasion. Like most men, he could not change in prosperity the habits which adversity had forced on him; and he may be forgiven if he practised from choice, in late life, the customs which he had practised from necessity in early life.

Lloyd Kenyon was born at Gredington, in the county of Flint, on the 5th October 1732. His family and himself were Welsh in all their characteristics; and so the boy, as he grew up on the small landed estate of his father, proved his extraction by showing himself as at once impulsive and irascible, upright and independent. His education, unfortunately for him, was only of the most rudimentary kind, and was checked for ever by his being articled at the age of fourteen to an attorney of Nantwich. In this position for five years he underwent the almost menial drudgery of a country attorney's clerk; and his highest flights of practice seem to have been engrossing deeds and serving writs. Yet the boy took to

the toil kindly, and became even enamoured of it, so that, if his own feelings alone had been consulted, he would probably have never aspired to a higher grade. But the family was ambitious; and Lloyd, strange to say, was actually thought a genius—chiefly, as it appears, on the strength of some panegyric verses addressed to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and which, as a schoolboy flight, are not by any means as worthless as Kenyon's associates and Lord Campbell have pronounced them to be. This burst of power, coupled with the less romantic circumstances of an elder brother's death, and a dispute with Lloyd's principal on the subject of a partnership, transferred Lloyd, at the age of eighteen, to the books and chambers of the Middle Temple.

Here for many years he lived the life of the poor scholar. He read every law-book that he could buy or borrow; and he digested what he read. Men did not as yet read with special pleaders; and if they had, Lloyd could not have paid his first year's fee. So when he was tired of reading he went down to the Courts and reported cases for his own private use, and thence to dinner, as has been noticed, with Horne Tooke and Dunning, and back to chambers for the evening. Only once in this period of his life, and once again when he had come Chief Justice, was he inside a theatre.

He was called to the bar, but the attorneys for many a year never came to his chambers. They were to be found in crowds at the door of his brilliant cotemporary Dunning; but they knew nothing as yet of what was in the shy and sensitive Welshman. But Dunning knew; and, lazy and superficial, like most geniuses, was only too glad to employ the still poor associate of his own former poverty to work up cases and write opinions for him. Dunning paid the debt in occasional franks, one of which was flung at his head by Kenyon, in furious wrath on seeing added to his own superscription to a letter to his parent, "Gredington Flintstone," "North Wales, near Chester," in Dunning's hand.

At length it was found out that Kenyon did most of Dunning's work, and the attorneys came to the fountain-head, at first with small cases and very small fees, and afterwards with heavy cases and large fees. Still Kenyon was unknown in court, and, in fact, never showed any aptitude for forensic contention. But on one or two lucky occasions he helped, as *amicus curiæ*, the great and indolent Lord Thurlow, who took a fancy to the sturdy and laborious Welshman, and made him work up judgments for the Chancellor, as he had worked up cases for Dunning. "Taffy"—so the lion called his jackal—became the laughing-stock, but also the pet, of his master. In 1780 the Chief Justiceship of Chester was vacant. Serjeant Davenport asked for it in Thurlow's own laconic style: "The Chief Justiceship of Chester is vacant—am I to have it?" "No, by G—; Kenyon shall have it," was the Chancellor's characteristic answer. Kenyon had it; and, raised up by merit alone, without having owed anything to "huggery" or "touting," stood firmly on a high step of the ladder of promotion.

It is not less a fact than a platitude that good fortune, like misfortune, seldom comes singly. Up to forty-eight this able and honest although narrow-minded man had gone on his way for many years, through all the dark ordeal of poverty, obscurity, neglect, insult, contempt, and night without the prospect of a day. Day dawns and a sun appears; he is caught up as by a miracle out of the Slough of Despond, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, by one of those strange interventions which the heathen attributed to a capricious Fortune—*præsens vel innotellere de gradu mortale corpus*—which the modern fatalist, like the ancient, assigns to an overruling Destiny; but which the calm and thoughtful religion of our land owns as the special interposition of an ever watchful and benevolent Providence. Kenyon's deep plans had failed, although he had hewn them not only roughly, but well and patiently, and then he found them shaped to his wildest hopes by an unseen power.

At this point of his career common sympathy for him ends, and vulgar admiration begins. He does not appear to have borne prosperity as well as he had endured adversity; but, on the whole, he adorned both. He became a Member of Parliament by Thurlow's aid. In 1782 he was named Attorney-General on Thurlow's nomination. In 1784 he was appointed Master of the Rolls. At length in 1788 the great Lord Mansfield was compelled by infirmity reluctantly to resign the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench, where he had

presided more than thirty years; and Sir Lloyd Kenyon, who had retained his seat in Parliament, and had by slow degrees risen high in the opinion of Mr. Pitt, was chosen to the high office by virtue of which he obtains Lord Campbell as his biographer.

His previous parliamentary career had been a complete failure; nor had he ever shone nor even attained mediocrity as an advocate. Want of opportunities in early life may possibly have checked a development which failed to show itself when they came late in his life; but it seems to be more probable that this deficiency was natural and insuperable in one whose circle of knowledge was exclusively professional, and who therefore seldom or never spoke on other, especially literary subjects, without exciting ridicule. As leading counsel for Lord George Gordon, his singular imbecility of rhetoric had nearly produced a conviction, when the heaven-born eloquence of Erskine recovered the failure and gained a triumphant acquittal. It was, however, much to the credit of Kenyon's magnanimity that his manifest eclipse and extinction on this occasion by the rising prodigy of Westminster Hall only called forth his generous admiration; and ever after, the only serious charge ever brought against Kenyon's integrity was the almost unbounded partiality which as Chief Justice he showed to the brilliant Erskine.

As Master of the Rolls Sir Lloyd Kenyon gained much honour, and was even long afterwards spoken of by Lord Eldon as one of the best judges who ever sat on an Equity Bench. Yet his judgments, as cited by Lord Campbell, are a strange mixture of good sense and absurd prejudice on first principles. He held wisely, as a new doctrine, that the insanity of a partner entitles a copartner to a dissolution of the partnership; and he held also, a doctrine which was afterwards overruled, but which Lord Campbell himself has assisted to establish lately, that a covenant to refer a dispute to arbitration is legal, and not void as an attempt to deprive the Superior Courts of their jurisdiction. On the other hand, as Chief Justice of the King's Bench, he established the monstrous doctrine, which was at once abolished as soon as his successor, Lord Ellenborough, was installed, that the purchase of produce, such as corn, by capitalists to sell at an advanced price, was an indictable offence. So he mischievously overruled many equitable doctrines which Lord Mansfield had wisely introduced into the Common Law Courts; and he held, in opposition to that eminent judge, that no action can be maintained against an executor with assets for a legacy; nor against a married woman who wilfully and fraudulently obtains credit as a single woman. His interpretation of the law of libel was hardly more justifiable; for he virtually repealed Mr. Fox's law of libel (which made the question of indictable libel, or no libel, exclusively one for a jury), by introducing the judicial practice of giving his own construction of the alleged libel to guide and influence the jury. So, when convictions were obtained on indictments for seditious libel, on the evidence of documents which would now be thought harmless enough, his sentences were severe and merciless. His language and charges to juries in actions arising out of fashionable immoralities, e.g., crim. con., gaming, &c., was so unmeasured that it drew on him, from the Earl of Carlisle, in the House of Lords, the name of a "legal monk." Lord Kenyon winced under this title, and often named it to defend himself against the imputation.

Excessive irritability, a want of dignity, and above all a want of refinement, and even of good taste and good sense, arising out of his imperfect education, detracted much from his judicial weight in court. Unhappily also he had the folly of half-educated men of affecting a classical knowledge of which he had nothing. Westminster Hall rang with laughter, or rustled in subdued tittering over the learned Chief's unfortunate quotations, which seldom ascended beyond the Latin grammar or delectus. "Modus in rebus" was his favourite exclamation to check counsel's prolixity. When declaring on the bench that he was not a "legal monk," he said: "Surely something of what may be called a knowledge of the world—*quicquid amat homines*—may be contained in a court of justice." When he indicated his suspicion of a fraud, he would say: "Apparently latet anguis in herba." Scandal charged him with this threadbare quotation as an appendix to the remark that "the case is as plain as a pikestaff." At length George

the Third said to him: "My Lord, from all I hear, it would be well if you left off your bad Latin, and kept to your good law."

He was sadly and shamefully worsted, and insulted by Horne Tooke in an action brought against the latter for some election expenses. He paid little respect to the opinions of his fellow-judges; and when Erskine showed cause against a rule for a criminal information against a newspaper printer, for recommending Lord Lonsdale as a good original for a portrait of the devil; and the great advocate contended facetiously, as well as wisely and rightly in Lord Campbell's opinion, that the libel was not grave enough for such a special interference of the court, and might even bear a complimentary allusion to Milton's magnificent description of Satan; Lord Kenyon—for once deciding against his pet, and wrongly, without consulting his brother judges, who apparently agreed with Erskine—made the rule absolute.

Yet with these faults Lord Kenyon commanded general respect as a thoroughly upright, learned, and, on the whole, distinguished judge. He had great acuteness; he never flinched from labour, nor from responsibility; and not a breath touched his integrity, unless his perhaps unconscious favouritism of Erskine be a qualification of this statement. He would hear nothing against Erskine; and when some immoralities of the latter were named to the Chief Justice, "Spots in the sun; spots in the sun," he would exclaim, impatiently. Erskine's great rival, and Lord Kenyon's immediate successor, Law, felt bitterly, and at length complained openly, but ambiguously, of a favouritism which showed itself also in hostility towards Law. Erskine ended a speech in triumphant defiance. Lord Kenyon looked down in bland admiration. Then Law rose on the other side, perhaps under the full aspect of the Chief's ominous frown. On concluding he asked the jury for a verdict, but expressed his misgiving, as his speech would be followed by the Chief Justice's summing up. Then, looking gloomily at the bench, he said, mysteriously:

*Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta ferox (looking at Erskine): Di me terrent et Jupiter
hostis:*

(looking at the Chief Justice, and bowing as he sat down). Poor Lord Kenyon did not take the allusion, and probably could not have construed it. He thought it a compliment, and bowed politely to Law. When it was explained to him he hated Law, says Lord Campbell, to his dying day.

Lord Kenyon was not very popular with the bar, but was liked by the law students who sat in the box at the end of the bench; and Lord Campbell relates his own recollection, as one of them, that the Chief Justice would come to them and explain the points of cases during their discussion. The present Chief Justice appends an anecdote very characteristic of those days, but scarcely fit to be printed in these.

In his latter days Lord Kenyon lived with his wife and family either in Lincoln's-inn-fields or at a villa, rather ruinous, near Richmond. His parsimony was great. "Some one having mentioned that, although the fire was very dull in the kitchen-grate, the spits were always bright, 'It is quite irrelevant,' said Jekyll, 'to talk of the spits, for nothing turns upon them.' After his death the hatchment on his house bore the legend, "Mors janua vita." This was supposed to be a mistake. "Mistake!" exclaimed the sarcastic Ellenborough; "it is no mistake. The considerate testator left particular directions in his will that the estate should not be burdened with the expense of a diphthong."

Lord Kenyon decayed slowly, and died partly of grief for the death of his eldest son, and partly, it is said, from a judicial mortification, at the age of seventy, on the 4th April 1802. PHILO.

(To be continued.)

Memoirs and Letters of the late Colonel Armine S. H. Mountain, C. B. Edited by Mrs. ARMINE S. H. MOUNTAIN. London: Longmans. 1857. JUDGING this volume as the graceful tribute which an affectionate wife has delighted to place upon the tomb of a much-loved husband, we receive it with the cordial respect which such devotion merits. It is impossible to criticise such works. Their very faults are beauties. For how can we charge it as a sin upon a wife that she has judged her husband too partially. Colonel Mountain appears to have been a brave soldier and an amiable gentleman—*sans peur et sans reproche*—beloved alike by both comrades and

friends. His military career lay between Canada and India; and that part of his correspondence which refers to the latter country will be read with interest, as affording some curious insight into the manners of the natives and the organisation of the Indian troops. The following passage, written in March 1852, is now terribly significant:—

The present state of things, in Bengal particularly, needs revision. An officer, perhaps after eighteen years' service in the commissariat or other civil department, on promotion, or on return from sick furlough, falls back upon his regiment as major, and commands it. All the captains but one are either on furlough in Europe or on detached employ; so are most of the senior subalterns, of whom, perhaps, the adjutant and quartermaster, and three or four young ensigns only, are with the regiment. The commanding officer knows nothing of regimental duty, or of teaching the young officers their work—is either harsh, or lax and careless; and the boys run wild. This is not at all an extreme but a very common case, and it is only wonderful that the service gets on as well as it does. *It is impossible that the Sepoys can feel attachment to commanders who have not seen their regiments for fifteen or twenty years; or to boys, who have their duty to learn.*

Did we not now know (now that it is too late) that the true state of things was known to and created alarm in more minds than Colonel Mountain's, we should say of this that it reads like a prophecy.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE importance of the discoveries of Messrs. Layard and Botta has not as yet been by any means fully recognised. Neither, perhaps, is it reasonable to expect that it should, until the thousands of inscriptions still remaining to be deciphered and interpreted shall have been laid before us. Much, indeed, has been already done in this respect; and we have at least this satisfaction—namely, that we now know for certain that our interpreters, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, and the rest, are on the right track, and that in process of time we shall be presented with Assyrian grammars and dictionaries, by which this strange arrow-headed language may be as easily studied as any other. Meanwhile, as an earnest of what is to come, many gaps in Assyrian history have been filled up, chronological difficulties reconciled, and whole annals supplied of the reigns of some of the Assyrian monarchs. To the student of ancient history this is highly interesting and satisfactory; but how much more so when viewed in connection with the history of the Israelites and Jews, and the writings of the Hebrew prophets! On this subject a highly valuable work has just appeared, entitled: *The Prophecies relating to Nineveh and the Assyrians, translated from the Hebrew, with Historical Introductions and Notes, exhibiting the principal results of the recent discoveries.* By GEORGE VANCE SMITH, B.A. (London: Longmans).—The introduction to this work contains the best compendious account we have yet seen of the Assyrian discoveries, and of their results as bearing especially upon Biblical criticism. The prophets whose vaticinations or history have particular reference to Assyria are Isaiah, Nahum, Jonah, Zephaniah, and Ezekiel. Out of these Mr. Smith has selected the different passages bearing upon the subject, which he has translated anew from the original Hebrew, and amply illustrated in historical and critical notes. In the translation he has adhered as closely as possible to the authorised English version, and even when compelled to depart from it he has adopted the same antique phraseology, deeming it the best adapted to so sacred a subject. The work is upon the whole rather historical than theological, and is written in a manly independent spirit—the author not having the fear of the hyper-orthodox before his eyes. Thus, with respect to the book of Jonah, he fearlessly asserts his union of opinion with Dr. Davidson, when he says:—“These and other circumstances would incline us to believe that, though Jonah existed as a prophet, had a miraculous deliverance from danger, &c., &c., that in short, although the book contains real history as its basis, yet that the groundwork has been embellished by a writer who lived considerably after the prophet. How far the history is parabolic, and how far real, it is now impossible to determine. We believe that Jonah was a real person and a prophet.” As to the age when the book of Jonah was written, he ob-

serves: “It would probably be correct to conclude that the work was composed after the destruction of Nineveh, even at a time when that city had long ceased to be the capital of a powerful and aggressive empire—when therefore it seemed natural to the author to remind his readers that it once was a place of extraordinary magnitude.” There is no reason, he thinks, for supposing the work to be an autobiography, as “the writer nowhere identifies himself with the prophet.” He speaks of or concerning Jonah always in the third person, and the book has all the appearance of conveying rather a moral than a history. “We discern,” he says, “an evident didactic purpose in the author's plan; and see, in short, that the narrative has what may be termed a moral distinctly brought out as the great aim of the composition. Having attained its end, the presentation of the truth which the writer wished thus to set forth, the work then terminates as abruptly as it begins; leaving the reader in entire ignorance equally of Jonah's future and of his preceding history; not caring even to say whether he returned to his own country, or whether he continued in Nineveh, and died there. This indifference to the prophet's fate is clearly opposed to the supposition that the work was intended to be read simply as a contribution to the history of his life; and strongly favours the conclusion that it was written to convey, through the medium of the incidents related, the particular truth or principle which the author wished to impress upon his readers.” Upon this we have to remark that, however right Mr. Smith may be in his conclusion, the argument derived from the author's speaking always in the third person cannot go for much, since it is well known that many authors, both sacred and profane, have so written: otherwise we should have to deny that Moses wrote any of that part of the Pentateuch relating to himself (the most likely for him to have written), or that Caesar was himself the author of Caesar's Commentaries. Recurring, however, to the importance of the Assyrian discoveries, and the satisfactory nature of the labours now carried on towards their decipherment and interpretation, we may mention that a short time ago four gentlemen, namely, Sir H. Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, Dr. Oppert, and Mr. Fox Talbot, undertook to prepare each an independent version of one and the same inscription—that of Tiglath Pileser, dated in the twelfth century before Christ—to be submitted to a committee appointed by the Society of Antiquaries; the result being that “there was a remarkable concurrence as to the general meaning of each paragraph, showing that the translators were agreed as to the sense of a great proportion of the words and the construction of the sentences; also, that a very considerable proportion of the vocabulary had been determined, and it might be confidently anticipated that the ability and perseverance which had accomplished so much would eventually leave little to be questioned.” Considering the short time that has elapsed since the commencement of these difficult researches, such a report is, we think, a matter of heartfelt congratulation.

Whenever we take up any newly-published work that professes to assert the existence of a Supreme Being, we naturally suspect it to be one of the unsuccessful Burnet prize essays; and such was the case with us on turning to the following:—*The Philosophy of Theism: an inquiry into the dependence of Theism on metaphysics, and the only possible way of arriving at a proof of the existence of God.* (London: Ward and Co. Glasgow: J. and D. Croll.)—On the very threshold, however, of the present work we are informed that it is not one of the essays that competed for the Burnet prize, but rather the enlargement, into a systematic essay, of what the writer intended (strangely enough, our readers will think) to make simply a newspaper article “on the dependency of Theism on metaphysics.” The work, however, grew under his hands; the article became an essay, and a very valuable one it is,—being stamped with considerable thoughtfulness, and not without some claim to originality. In this latter respect all that the writer claims is to have pointed out a new path in the inquiry. But if this be true (and we are not in a position to disprove it), it is a great deal, considering what a tangled wood it all is, and how many travellers have lost their way in it. “The direct object of the work,” he says, “is not to prove the existence of God, but to investigate the method to be pursued, in order to arrive at a proof of his existence.” Neither of the two

arguments—the *a priori* and the *a posteriori*—can be effectually used alone and by itself to prove the existence of a Supreme Being. There must be a combination of both, that is, of objects or facts of experience and *a priori* principles. But to establish these principles is properly the work of metaphysics. Here, however, “a formidable difficulty meets us at the outset; for metaphysics itself is a science, the validity of which few Atheists will acknowledge; and, to add to our difficulty, Theists themselves have generally misunderstood or underrated this science.” The writer is therefore compelled to enter into an exposition and defence of the science of metaphysics. This leads him on to the principle of Causality, which is also involved in considerable difficulty, and produces “a long discussion, in order to fix precisely its nature and import;—after which,” he says, “all that remains is simply the exposition of the method of proof.” Such is a very meagre outline of the present essay, which will, perhaps, be sufficient for readers whose minds are abhorrent from metaphysical studies; while those who rejoice in them will hasten to procure the volume for themselves.

A small contribution to the cause of the “Revisionists” has appeared in *Select Passages of the Old and New Testaments, newly translated from the Hebrew and Greek, with Notes, critical and explanatory.* By CHARLES D'ALTON, Master of the Endowed School, Braunton. (London: Barritt and Co. Barnstaple: Searle and Co.)—The author, who is an uncompromising advocate for revision, points out the absurdity of the doctrine of finality when applied to human progress and more especially in the case of learning. “Where is the judicious student,” he asks, “who would be content with Seneca, as translated by Sir Roger L'Estrange? Or who would seek for translations of the models of classic eloquence in the obscure, involved, and coarse style of our language two centuries ago?” Leaving out of the question the acknowledged superior learning of our own time, “to suppose that the translators of the Bible had exhausted all means of further research and illustration, is to be ungratefully and ignorantly blind to that more intimate knowledge of Eastern manners, customs, figurative modes of expression, &c., which we now so happily possess, and which so often sheds a clear and beautiful light on numerous passages of the sacred writings formerly involved in obscurity and Cimmerian darkness.” The improved translations here suggested by Mr. D'Alton are creditable on the ground of scholarship, and are put forward with becoming modesty.

The Pastoral Office; its Duties, Difficulties, Privileges and Prospects. By the Rev. Ashton Oxenden, Rector of Pluckley (London: Wertheim and Mackintosh).—Is a little work that abounds in solid instruction and valuable hints for the young clergyman. We say the young clergyman—not because we think that the older ones might not profit by it—but because they are less likely to do so than the younger. It is unfortunately but too true that, as we advance in years, the less inclined are we all to receive counsel, especially when coming from a source that claims no *ex cathedra* right to lecture us. A similar work to the present was written more than a hundred years ago by Bishop Burnet, and many have appeared since that time. Each generation, however, has its peculiar requirements, and Mr. Oxenden's work is, we must say, thoroughly adapted to those of our own time.

Funeral Eulogy at the Obsequies of Dr. E. K. Kane, delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. By CHARLES W. SHIELDS. (Philadelphia: Parry and M'Millan.)—The subject of this eulogy was the celebrated Arctic explorer, who went in search of our own still more celebrated and unfortunate Franklin, and who has recently died at the early age of thirty-five. Mr. Shields has here published an eloquent encomium upon the genius, energy, and daring hardihood of the young navigator, not forgetting, at the same time, the kindness of his nature and his simple piety towards God, which latter was exhibited not only in the last scene, but all through his life. One fault, and only one, we have to notice in the present oration, namely, that it is too elaborate. In this respect, however, it only follows the conventional style of such things in America, which is a close imitation of the French eulogies.

Of sermons, we have to mention—*The Indian Mutiny. Two Sermons preached on the 16th and 30th of August, 1857, on the Dangers and Duties of the present crisis.* By the Rev. J. J. HALCOMBE,

B.A., Magdalen College, Cambridge (London: Bell and Daldy).—Eloquent and sympathising. —*God's Second Chastisement, and how to avert it.*

A Sermon. By the Rev. H. SWABY, M.A. (London: Skeffington).—Also, *A Sermon preached at the re-opening of Runham Church, Norfolk.* By the Rev. S. ARNOTT, M.A. (London: Skeffington.)

—*Be ye Separate.* A Word to those who desire to follow the Lord fully (London: Wertheim and Macintosh)—is also in the nature of a sermon or lecture, though not so styled.—*The Divine Intention of the Gospels Vindicated. An Act Sermon, preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin.* By ORLANDO T. DOBBIN, LL.D., &c. (Dublin: Herbert)—deserves more than a passing mention. It is a well-conceived and highly-finished discourse on the text John xx. 31. "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that, believing, ye might have life through His name." From this text the writer proceeds, in the first place, to establish the Divinity of Christ, and then he shows how each of the Evangelists, in his own peculiar way, arrives at the same conclusion—"Not in the shape of dogmatic formulæ, philosophic treatise, or homiletic address, but in that of a memoir of the person whose glory they seek to promulgate by their labours." Each Evangelist composed a distinct memoir; and the author shows the advantage of this over a harmony, or "uniform and consistent life of the Lord Jesus." He then enters upon "a brief specification of some of the leading features of the Synoptic Gospels, wherein they seem to differ in their portraiture of Christ, marked enough in their dissonance, yet all consonant with the essential oneness of the character which they portray." Thus Matthew's is a peculiarly Jewish Gospel; "Luke's, on the other hand, may be said to be by eminence the Gentile Gospel;" while "Mark's view of the life of Christ appears different from either of these, inclining more to the Jewish aspect of that life, but conceiving the mission of our Lord under lights that differ from the other two Synoptists."

... The presentation of Mark seems to be rather that of an impassioned reprobator than that of a mediator or peace-maker. Christ, in his pages, appears the embodied prophet of the Old Testament, instead of the mild inaugurator of a new system." It is upon Luke's portraiture of the Saviour that the writer most loves to dwell. "The mild, gentle sage, the inspired messenger of Heaven, the wise, highly endowed, tranquil, and devout servant of the Most High." The writer proceeds to confirm this view by several examples. But while there was dissonance among the Evangelists' portraiture, each was at the same time true. "The governing influence in them all was one—the spirit of inspiration." The writer concludes by recurring to the point from which he started—namely, the Divinity of the Saviour; and we also shall conclude by quoting an eloquent passage from this part of his discourse:—"Nothing, then, it will be seen, solves the difficulty of the marvellous character of Jesus Christ but the recognition of divine peculiarity, divine endowment, real and rightful Godhood—assuming and believing that Jesus of Nazareth did actually exist. It is clearly reasoned out in the chamber of our own understanding, that for Jesus to be a mere man, the son, supposed or real, of a country carpenter, and brought up in the circumstances and surroundings of such a boyhood and youth, and yet reach the ideal of the Gospels, is a sheer impossibility—a moral impossibility as decided as any physical one, as to move an Alp with a little finger, or put out the sun with an extinguisher. It is simply and downright impossible. He must have been more than man to be what his biographers have represented him to be—more than man, nor less than God." If there be not at present such fiery, energetic declamation presiding in the Irish pulpit as there was of yore, we need not regret it, when we have in exchange such thoughtful, well-arranged, and calmly-wise utterances as these of Dr. Dobbin.

The *Journal of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record.* Edited by the Rev. H. BURGESS, LL.D. (London: Heylin).—The October number of this journal has a highly interesting article on "Biblical Revision"—not by the learned editor, in fact, opposed to his views—by a contributor signing himself "F. E. G." This article contains a searching investigation of the "Five Clergymen" version of St. John's Gospel, noticed some time since in our columns. The examination is pursued in a friendly spirit of honest criticism,

and the conclusion at which the writer arrives is, that the Old Version is the better of the two. This, however, is only the expression of an individual opinion; and we trust that the learned editor, or some other competent person, may find time, in a future number, to subject the examiner himself to an examination. There is also an excellent article in the present number on "The periods of our Lord's Life and Ministry;" another on the "History of the Sabbath;" and a fourth, entitled "Some Strictures upon Stanley's Sinai and Palestine," by a recent traveller in the Holy Land. Mr. Stanley's work has been so much praised, and presents, in fact, to the reader's eye so many beauties, as to have blinded almost every one to its defects, except our "recent traveller." He carried it with him in his saddle-bag, and read as he went, "discovering in it much to be admired and praised where others have seen nothing to be remarked. If in its beauties, however, we have probably perceived what others have overlooked, we certainly have noticed what others have passed by in the defects of 'Sinai and Palestine.' And these defects are by no means few or unimportant; they are thickly scattered, and affect the tone of the whole work; they are doubtful in principle and practice; and, in our opinion, militate most strongly against the sterling value of the book that contains them." Such is the verdict pronounced by the "recent traveller," after going through his ungrateful task of pointing out the demerits of a highly popular work.

EDUCATION.

Drawing for Elementary Schools. By E. A. DAVIDSON, Head Master of the Chester School of Art, and Professor of Drawing at the Chester Diocesan Training College. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

The accurate perception of form, and the power of handling a pencil with facility, are acquirements far more likely to prove of practical utility to children of the artisan class than half the crude "ologies" which are now too often crammed into them, only to be forgotten directly the inspector has gone his rounds.

Mr. Davidson's book is published under the sanction of the science and art department of the Committee of Council on Education, and is intended for the use of national and parochial schoolmasters. It is thoroughly good in its way, and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. We believe that by its aid any village schoolmaster, possessing naturally a tolerable eye, but who has had no systematic instruction in drawing, would be able to organise, and efficiently to superintend, an elementary drawing class. Mr. Davidson's hints and practical directions are clear, simple, and judicious, and the woodcut illustrations are so admirable that we only wish they had been more numerous.

A Test-Book for Students; comprising Sets of Examination Papers upon Language and Literature, History and Geography, and Mathematical and Physical Science. By the Rev. THOMAS STANTIAL, M.A., Head Master of the Grammar School, Bridgwater. Part I. History and Geography. London: Bell and Daldy. 1857.

Examination Papers in History, Science, and Literature. By CHARLES MARSHALL, M.A., Ph.D. London: Wyand and Co. 1857.

The object of both these works is the same, namely, to supply a series of examination questions suited for pupils in middle-class and elementary schools. Mr. Stantial has executed his task with judgment and discrimination. His questions are well considered and well expressed, and are likely to test thoroughly the acquirements of those to whom they are proposed.

We are sorry to be obliged to pass a very different opinion on Mr. Marshall's work. The questions he gives are vague, ambiguous, and unprecise; many of them admit either of no definite answer whatever, or of several answers all equally accurate; and others seem framed upon the particular phraseology of some individual text-book, instead of being based on a general acquaintance with the subject. We append a few examples, which will explain and justify our opinion. Thus:

What philosopher improved the telescope? How may the telescope be considered? How has the telescope been described? In what shape do bodies appear when seen through a microscope? What

renders flint indispensable in warfare? What renders plants objects of universal esteem? Were the bed of the ocean emptied, in what time would the rivers fill it up again? How many kings (qy. kingdoms) were in Ireland till the twelfth century? When Dermot M'Murcad was King of Leinster, who was King of Breffney? How much money is in circulation in the United Kingdom? How has wood been set on fire at the North Pole?

Examinations conducted after this fashion are worse than useless; they prompt guesswork, and encourage a loose rambling style of thinking and answering.

FICTION.

Court Secrets. By Mrs. THOMSON. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Seymour and his Friends. By the Author of "The Secret Marriage." London: Hurst and Blackett.

Riverston. By GEORGINA M. CRAIK. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

GERMAN Courts have, we suppose, their secrets, like all others; indeed, if the statistics of the matter could be ascertained, it might not possibly be found that they enjoyed more than the usual average of secret plottings, concealments, changing of infants in their cradles, and every other variety of intrigue. Mrs. Thomas has evidently taken some anecdote respecting one of the petty German sovereignties, and has resolved to construct a novel out of it. The secret is a mysterious one; and we question if any reader will rise from the perusal of the third volume with any very clear notion as to the machinery whereby the Countess Anna availed herself of the mysterious superstition of the White Lady. Still the story is so well eked out by sketches of the English upon the Rhine—for it is a noticeable fact that, although the *locus in quo* is Germany, nine tenths of the characters are English—that we may safely rank *Court Secrets* among the most readable novels of the season. The characters of Horace Clavering and Irene are drawn with a firm and artistic pencil; that of Mr. Roper is also an excellent sketch from the life. Not even the humour of the creation, however, can excuse such a character as Mrs. Flather; for, whilst we cannot help laughing at her vulgarities and *gaucheries*, it is impossible to understand why the persons whom she seemed bent upon annoying tolerated her presence for a moment. The canvass is full, the personages are well drawn, and the sooner we hear again from Mrs. Thomson (who is already favourably known to the novel-reading public as the author of "Constance," "Anna Boleyn," and other popular works of fiction) the better.

Seymour and his Friends is a new form of the old proverb that "birds of a feather flock together," and a new reading of the trite lesson that young and thoughtless men of generous impulses may be led either to evil or to good, just according to the companions among whom they may happen to be cast. Charles Seymour is one of those gay young care-for-nothings who pass muster in the fashionable world as "jolly good fellows." With great expectations from a rich and good old uncle, he manages to involve himself to such an extent that, thanks to the designing offices of a certain plausible Mr. Percival, who hopes to get the estate for himself, he is disinherited. The good companionship of more judicious friends, and the love of a pure heart, works a purification in Seymour's heart; and in the end all comes right, greater wealth than he had ever expected, and a wife worth all the treasures in the world. 'Tis an old, old tale, but one that will bear the telling again and again. The author of "The Secret Marriage" (whoever he may be) has told it well, and his novel deserves and will repay the reading.

It will be impossible for the readers of "Riverston" to avoid drawing a comparison between that novel and "Jane Eyre." We do not suggest for one moment that the work is not perfectly original, or that it is, either in moral, incident, or style, derived from anything but nature and the fresh impulses of its author's fancy; but there is something in its tone, something in its general tendency, which reminds us irresistibly of that masterpiece of Charlotte Brontë's pen—a similarity not definite and clear, but visionary and impalpable, just as in hours of musing we find ourselves in a certain train of thought, and are visited by a hazy impression that we have at some distant period been in a state of mind precisely identical.

We believe that this is the first effort of Miss Craik's pen. If so, it is a remarkable *debut*, and promises a great career. It remains for future works to prove the depth and extent of the mind which now unfolds itself as a mirror to nature; but the present one will take its place as an admirable and in every way genuine work of art.

Like Jane Eyre, Honor Haig is a governess. The story passes at Riverston, the home of the Wynters, a respectable family of the squirearchy. Unlike Jane Eyre, Honor is beautiful—at least, she suggests as much; for she tells us a great deal about her curls, and of the admiration which her first appearance invariably creates. The temper of her mind is sensible, almost painfully logical, and her character almost too good to be amiable. It is, perhaps, an error against taste in this story that the best qualities of the heroine are apparent, not so much from her actions towards others as from her own account of herself. It should be premised, however, that the plan of the work is not so much that of a story as of a sort of diorama or series of moving pictures, illustrative of a chain of events. The broad stream is simply this, that Honor, being a governess in the Wynter family, eventually marries Gilbert Kingsley, the wealthy, deformed, and eccentric uncle of her pupils; but the branches into which it runs, the little episodical islets with which it is studded, are infinite in number and variety. To attempt a description of such a work would not only be to engage in a hopeless task, but to commit a manifest injustice to the author. Illustration by specimen is the fairest way of dealing with it. The tragic scene described in the following passages is a good sample of Miss Craik's power. The incidents which led up to it need not be detailed, for the picture speaks for itself:

... I rose up, but I had not taken two steps when the door reopened; there before us again, but with his broad face blanched, stood Mr. Wynter.

"Mr. Wynter!—Frank!—Oh, my God, what is it?"

His wife stood up before him; in silence he took both her hands and put her back; stern-faced, as I had never seen him before, without a syllable, he went up to Helen's chair. She had risen and stood facing him, her eyes wild with a terror beyond all utterance; she never spoke; the only words that broke the silence—and their tone I shall remember while I live—were these, that came from him—

"Helen, it is all over between you. God forgive you! Edward Beresford has shot himself dead!"

There came a great convulsive cry—but not from her. Dumb, white, and stiff she stood, her lips drawn back, her large wild darkening eyes distending into a great unutterable horror; like a statue but for her gasping breath; immovable, frigid, fixed; ghastly in her death-like agony, with all the horror and all the hideousness of despair.

"Oh, Nelly!—oh, my poor Nelly!"

Bursting into a passion of tears, Mrs. Wynter flung herself upon her daughter's neck, but no tears did her weeping bring from Helen. Insensible alike to the sound of her emotions or the touch of her embrace, the white, marble figure never moved—till on a sudden, throwing her mother off, she flung her arms up in the air and shrieked aloud. Thrice that cry rang, cording the blood within our hearts; when it ceased, like one felled suddenly by a blow, she sank upon the floor—a huddled mass—her white face pressing on the ground, and when we stooped to raise her up she was quite lifeless—as cold and motionless as a corpse.

Mr. Kingsley, the future husband of Honor, will of course be called "the Rochester" of the story.

I remember Mr. Kingsley distinctly, as he appeared before me at that moment. I saw a stature slightly dwarfed, though mainly in comparison with its breadth; I saw a frame firm-knit and spare, muscular, bony, indicative of great strength; and saw a breadth of mis-shapen shoulder, surmounted by a head of vast proportions—a head darkly adorned with a loose mane of locks, long, rich, bewildered, dusky as a night-cloud, descending almost to his shoulders, and lying thickly there, their dusky depths only stirring as the head they grew from turned and shook.

As with Mr. Rochester, this unprepossessing exterior is only the mask of a fine, noble nature, and of commanding talents. The concluding scene, in which Honor and Mr. Kingsley come to a final and definite understanding, supplies the key-note to both their characters.

He stood with his eyes upon me, with a wild flush on his face, with his hands clenched till the veins started, with a quiver on his lip that, when I ceased to speak and he strove to answer me, made his voice stagger.

"You never told a lie to me!" he said. "Honor!"

he cried, "if this be true, say once—say *once*, that you have not loved Frank Wynter!"

"I say it: I *never* loved him!"

Was this joy at last, that flashed upon his face, kindling its rugged lineaments with such a glow of beauty—firing his wild eye with such a light and blaze of radiance?

Often had he uttered my name before; but never did mortal lips speak it as he spoke it now.

"Honor," he cried, "come home! My darling, come home!"

There was but one moment more that I stood alone; that past, I had gained the shelter that has never failed me since.

To sum up, we may pronounce this author to be a *débutante* far beyond the common order. She has great knowledge of the human heart, blended and softened by the best and most kindly feelings; her style is good, and her drawing that of a true, if an inexperienced, artist.

The Wolf-boy of China; or, Incidents and Adventures in the Life of Lyu-Payo. By WILLIAM DALTON. Bath: Binns and Goodwin. 1857.

UPON this very agreeable story Mr. Dalton has contrived to embroider almost as much information respecting the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire as the learned Bekker did by the Greeks and Romans in his "Charicles" and "Gallus." The wolf-men are a race of aboriginal Chinese, who live in the mountains, and are persecuted and hated by the invading and now dominant Tartars. They will not shave their heads, which is a token of subjection, nor will they submit in any way to the rule which they abhor. Lyu-Payo, the hero of the story, is a descendant from this race. Thrown by chance among the Chinese, he meets with many adventures and many misfortunes, but gets happily over them all. His race, who are known in China as the *Miao-Tse*, became identified with the rebellion still raging against the Tartar dynasty, in connection with which he greatly distinguished himself. The following extract will serve as a specimen of the interesting matter with which this elegant little volume is filled, and of the sprightly manner in which it is communicated.

About two years after Sang and Lyu had taken up their abode with Tehin, a crowd of persons had assembled together in one of the wide open spaces in Pekin to see a man suffering the punishment of the Cangue. This frightful instrument of torture has been said to resemble the stocks, in which it was formerly the custom in England to fix drunken and disorderly people; but the two are not to be compared, as the Chinese instrument is by far the most cruel. The cangue is a species of collar, made of two oblong pieces of wood, which, when put together, form a square as large as a small drawing-room table; each of the pieces is hollowed out where they are to join, so that, when locked together, there is a hole just large enough to admit a man's neck; lower down there are two smaller holes for the hands. It was in one of these instruments, weighing at least a hundred pounds, that the man's neck was fastened, with his face downwards, looking at his hands, which, being confined at the wrists, he was unable to move. Along one side of the cangue was the word "Gamester," and on the other "Disturber of the family peace," which some of the mob repeated aloud, jeeringly; while others taunted the unfortunate wretch with his former pride, all of which he was obliged to bear without any relief but that of closing his eyes. Whatever had been his crime, he seemed to be fully punished, for he had worn the horrible instrument for more than a month; being compelled each day to walk the streets and public places, accompanied by an officer, who held a whip in his hand, with which he would, from time to time, lash the exhausted wretch to prevent his sinking to the earth. At the time the crowd was jeering and taunting the poor fellow, he had, from utter failure of strength, been permitted to rest the cangue on the ground; indeed, had the whipper forced him onwards, he must have died, as many do beneath the punishment. It was a heart-rending sight; for, as the people taunted him with the vile habits which had brought him to that pass, he closed his eyes and bit his lips till the blood ran. Oh! how his heart must have bled with shame, that he, a gentleman, should be placed in such a purgatory, unable to hide his face, and compelled to endure the gibes and jests of the vilest of vagabonds. The feelings of multitudes are sometimes changed by the merest trifle; and so it happened now, for suddenly there was a movement among the crowd, who, rude as they were, made way for a little boy, who passed through, followed by a slave, carrying a basket; when he reached the cangue he affectionately laid his hand upon the head of the sufferer, whose eyes glistened with delight and voice trembled with emotion as he murmured his gratitude to the boy, who took a basin from the basket, and fed him with bird's-nest soup, all the while looking so piteously

affectionate, that the jeering people became silent with shame and approbation. After the soup, the man appeared refreshed, and attempted to walk; but no sooner did the horrible instrument touch his bleeding shoulders than he shrieked with agony; the weight had become more than he could bear, and he would have fallen but for the boy, who instantly placed himself beneath the cangue, so that the weight was removed from the prisoner's shoulders to his own head; and thus they walked onwards amidst shouts of applause from the crowd. "A miracle from the Gods!" said a man to his neighbour; "that so vile a wretch should have so blessed a son, and so brave as to care nothing about the people around."

The Wolf-boy is intended by Mr. Dalton as a "book for boys;" but it will repay the perusal of children of a larger growth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The History of the Factory Movement, from the Year 1802 to the Enactment of the Ten Hours' Bill in 1847. By ALFRED. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1857.

THERE is no more interesting branch of the commercial history of this country than that which refers to the development of the Factory System. Immediately consequent upon the discovery of steam, it has been the means of establishing the commercial supremacy of England to a degree never before dreamt of; it has made her the manufacturer for the millions of the world; it has decupled her wealth; it has necessitated railways, and may therefore, to some extent, claim the credit due to the invention of those potent agents of civilisation; finally, it has brought together, within two counties of England, an industrial population gifted with an amount of energy and enterprise never before manifested in manufacturing pursuits.

There are some persons—whose opinions, moreover, are not to be lightly cast aside—who regard the existence of machinery as a permitted evil rather than a positive good. This position has been so frequently and so broadly stated, and has been supported by such specious evidence, that it will repay examination.

It is easy for persons of imaginative temperament to draw pleasant cabinet-pictures illustrative of the industrial system of the country as it existed under the old spinning-wheel and hand-loom system. The goodwife, seated at the cottage-door, with her rosy daughters around her, all plying away at the busy distaff, in a style which showed that it was a pastime rather than an avocation; the gaffer being occupied the while in the pleasant task of throwing the warp through the woof, his loom placed in the cosy ingle, not too remote for lively chat as the work proceeded—such pictures are pretty enough upon canvass or in poems, but will scarcely bear the searching inquiry of a strict inquirer after truth. When closely looked into, it will be found that these Arcadian fictions are really very wide of the real facts of the case. The manufacturing trade in those times afforded but a bare and uncertain subsistence to a comparatively small number of persons; and where now thousands of families are enabled to earn a comfortable if not a luxurious livelihood, in those "good old times" of our forefathers it was only here and there a household that could gain an ill-paid and precarious employment.

The prejudice which was felt against machinery at its earliest introduction, and which is not even yet entirely eradicated, took its origin from a very natural mistake. It was stated that the machine was intended to displace the man, and that each new improvement only brought the working classes nearer to those evil times when flesh-and-blood labour would be altogether dispensed with. This was the feeling which animated the Lancashire operatives when they drove Arkwright (the father of the cotton trade) out of their county, and forced him to take refuge in the picturesque valley of Cromford. This was the belief which possessed the *Times*' printers when they attempted, but in vain, to resist the introduction of the steam press within Printing-house-square. Error in both cases. But for the spinning-frame Lancashire would have remained in its pristine insignificance and poverty; and but for Applegarth's invention the "leading journal" could never have met the present enormous demand upon its productive powers. The machine, far from displacing man, makes fresh room for his powers, extends his influence, and relieves him of that species of labour which he is least fitted to perform, namely, the mechanical. Wherever thought is required

the machine seem to lighten truth, works To author, termed system abuses itself. tions of be deni immor the ope bers of walls a state of our per plained the mis willing of the f to the The F matic p very w when M he rep stateme anything non-int dren w a tyran their p fered in the par cive to one of t the Eng The v perfect eating truth fr if taken perly to

FRANCE within of death poets a letters. celebrit Affection the gra their m and fro connect their ch man ha forgotte but one he nei romanc ness of versity days of can pro writer, either. present above e exercis Johnso He had a delic that for culars man mo To a born, o receive It was should and, w sent to of the proved

the machine is powerless, although there are some machines which to the superficial inquirer may seem to act almost rationally. The most enlightened among the operatives are now beginning to understand the proved and unquestionable truth, that every real improvement in machinery works eventually to the benefit of the workman.

To revert, however, to what this anonymous author, who adopts the *nom de plume* of Alfred, terms the Factory Movement, it must be confessed that at the outset this, like all other systems in an inchoate condition, was sullied by abuses from which it has been gradually purging itself. Without adopting the gross exaggerations of Mrs. Trollope's "Factory Boy," it cannot be denied that the Factory System once led to immorality, oppression, and the degradation of the operatives. The congregation of large numbers of young persons of both sexes within the walls of the factories gave opportunity for a state of things which we should be loth to sully our pen by describing. Many of the evils complained of were, however, partly attributable to the misconduct of the operatives themselves, who willingly, in order to swell the weekly earnings of the family, surrendered up their own children to the tender mercies of factory task-masters. The French historian, Michelet, makes a dramatic point (which we have no doubt passes off very well for historical truth) by stating that, when Mr. Pitt was told of the scarcity of labour, he replied, "Then take the children." The statement is absurd enough to those who know anything of the English law and its principle of non-interference with private rights. The children were sent to the factories not by the order of a tyrannical Government, but by the free will of their parents; and when Government first interfered in the matter, it was to restrict the right of the parents—a measure which, however conducive to public morality, was plainly subversive of one of the oldest and most venerated principles of the English law.

The work before us is, after all, but a very imperfect and one-sided view of the question—interesting enough to those who will seek out the truth from other sources, but not to be relied upon if taken alone. It might perhaps be more properly termed a history of the Ten Hours Bill and

of Mr. Oastler's connection with factory legislation. Without at all impugning the motives of that able and zealous advocate for the workman, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that even he overstated the case; and, great as was the good which he effected, we must attribute much of the ill-feeling which still prevails between the employers and the employed to his energetic teachings. Mr. Oastler had a good heart, but a hot head. What but evil could come from the counsels of an adviser who pointed at the destruction of property as the best remedy against oppression—as he did in his pamphlet, "The Law or the Needle?" It is a principle in human nature that one fancied injury will outweigh fifty real benefits, and the patient labours of many generations of kind and well-meaning employers will be required to efface the impression once created, that the Cotton Lord is, by birth and nature, the oppressor of his work-people—bound to be so by instinct, and, what is even stronger than instinct, by interest.

To those who know anything of the manufacturing system as it at present exists, we need not say that there are but few of the evils complained of by Mr. Oastler which are yet unremedied. It needs but to enter a Lancashire cotton-mill (take any one at hazard) and to see the jovial, healthy faces of the lads and lasses at work there—to see the spacious, well-ventilated rooms, and the appliances for the comfort and health of the operators—to understand that cruelty and oppression, unwholesome atmospheres, starvation, and beatings with the "billy-roller," are now (whatever they may once have been) purefigments. The result of any comparison which may be instituted between the operatives in the English cotton trade and any other labouring population, whether agricultural English, or manufacturing or agricultural foreigners, must be very much in favour of the former. They are better paid and better cared for than any other class of common labourers. They live well, dress well, and can afford even luxuries. To those who doubt this we can only say: Put the Oldham spinner or the Preston loomer, who gets his pound or more per week, against the Hampshire labourer who gets eight shillings, or the French tiller of the soil who has

scarcely so many francs, and then pronounce which is the better off of the two. The one has a good coat to his back, is well shod, eats white bread, and has meat and beer every day of his life; whilst the other has to go a-cold, and content himself with meagre diet. We do not say that there are not some few points with regard to which the relationship between employer and employed might be ameliorated—such as the settlement of disputes respecting wages, without resorting to the suicidal and barbarous expedients of combinations and strikes—but these are matters the working out of which must be left to the parties themselves, and do not materially affect the liberty and social condition of the operative. To have rendered his work complete, "Alfred" should have traced the workings of the labours of Mr. Oastler and his coadjutors into these results. At present his history is but a fragment, well and carefully compiled, it is true, but leaving the reader with ideas and impressions which would have been more in reason a quarter of a century back.

Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq. Edited by the Author of "The Eclipse of Faith." London: Longmans. 1857.

Who was Mr. Greyson? and why are his letters published? We must confess that these are questions to which we are quite unable to reply. We had hoped that the fashion of letter-writing had quite gone out of fashion—at least among men; and we are clearly of opinion that nothing short of very great excellence in the correspondence, or undoubted celebrity in the letter-writer, will warrant the publication of any collection of letters. Such correspondences as those of Madame de Sevigné, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or Horace Walpole, are valuable, as affording reliable pictures of manners, and as repertoires of fact; but Mr. Greyson's present neither of these advantages. They are simply dry prosy essays, which he seems to have delighted in sending to his friends, which may have been very much admired by them, but can present no attractions for the public. There is in them an air of dogmatism and of consciousness of superiority, not borne out by the fact, which is perfectly insupportable.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

GUSTAVE PLANCHE.

FRANCE has lost several of her eminent men within the last twelve months. Before the sickle of death have fallen academicians ripe in years, poets and historians, men of science and men of letters. Scarcely had the tomb closed upon one celebrity before it was opened to receive another. Affection or friendship has spoken their worth by the grave, and the public writer has discussed their merits. The memories of some still linger, and from day to day we have some new anecdote connected with their names, and illustrative of their character or genius. But one distinguished man has passed away, who appears to be already forgotten. Gustave Planché had a popularity, but one which was comparatively circumscribed; he neither wrote songs like Béranger, nor romances like Eugène Sue; nor had he the greatness of the *chansonnier* in the days of his adversity, nor the modesty of the romancist in the days of his prosperity—if days of prosperity he can properly be said to have had. As a public writer, however, he had higher talents than either. As a critic of art, there are few of the present day who approach him. He towered above all his contemporaries in this respect, and exercised that kind of dictatorship over art which Johnson, in his day, exercised over literature. He had a purity of style, a solidity of judgment, a delicacy of perception, and power of analysis, that found him without a rival. A few particulars respecting the life and character of this man may not be without interest.

To a well-to-do pharmacist of Paris was born, on the 16th February 1808, a son, who received the baptismal name of Joseph-Gustave. It was the intention of the father that the son should succeed him in the art of preparing drugs; and, with this view, Gustave Planché was early sent to a boarding-school, conducted on the plan of the College Bourbon. The youth soon approved himself a clever scholar and a mischievous

monkey. He excelled in getting up a school-row. He was the terror of patient ushers. It was he who set the class a-giggling by imitating their voices; it was he who squirted ink slyly on their white pantaloons; it was he who planted pins, head downwards, in the cushions of their chairs, and scattered cuttings of brushes in their beds; and it was he (O, sum of juvenile delinquency and refinement of torture!) who captured fifty-three live fleas, and shut them up for five days in a bottle, and who, when in this state of fasting, turned them forth to phlebotomise in the sheets of an obnoxious preceptor. If evil was to be done, Gustave was just the lad to plan and carry it out. If the young scholar was fond of fun and mischief, he was no less fond of his belly; and herein we perceive a Wordsworthian truth—the child was father of the man. Gustave had an immense relish, as a schoolboy, for pastry and tit-bits. He organised a *cuisine* under one of the seats of the school amphitheatre. The cooking power was a spirit-lamp, abstracted furtively from the paternal laboratory. He had withal a coffee-pot and a saucepan. What dainties he produced by these means there are living witnesses yet to tell. Right and left his gastronomic battery was masked by his comrades, who naturally enough expected to share in his good things. It must be recorded, however, to the shame of the young gourmand, that he dealt out his good things very sparingly, and with a sigh. One thing grieved our hero, and was a thorn in the side of his culinary ambition—he could not produce a sufficient variety of dishes. He aspired to something better than an alternation of chocolate and soft-boiled eggs. One night he managed to escape the vigilance of the porter, and brought with him into the boarding-school a bottle of old cognac. He would treat himself to a potation of punch. The Professor, a myops to the degree of tracing a line of print with the tip of his nose, was not so blind as not to dis-

cover on this occasion an unusual light where no light should have been. Never did exciseman pounce more adroitly upon illicit still. Lamp, coffee-pot, saucepan, and liquor—all were seized and confiscated; while the luckless distiller was confined for seven days to do penance on bread and water.

As a mimic he was unrivalled, and on this score a good anecdote has been told of him. At the boarding-school there was a youth who had a voice which sounded, when he opened his lips, between a bark and a screech. This voice Gustave imitated to perfection; and he turned his talent to profitable account. The lad was a dull scholar; but he had the merit, in the eyes of Gustave, of being the son of a confectioner. If he was small in syntax, he was great in sugar-almonds. A bargain was entered into between the pair, Gustave promising that for a certain subsidy of tarts and bonbons, he, the barking boy, should be exempt from saying lessons during the scholastic year. Never was treaty better kept. When the lad arose to repeat a passage from a Latin or French author, he would move his lips as if in the act of speaking, while his voice, Gustave, standing behind him, recited, or read rather, the appointed lesson; and so perfect was the imitation that the whole school was a dupe to the ingenious fraud, except those standing by, who were necessarily witnesses of it. But Gustave, if he had a weakness for pastry, if he had a fondness for fritters, had a fondness also for his book. With pots of jelly he devoured with equal relish the Greek and Latin poets; and if he carried many a pasty beneath his belt, he carried many a school-medal, honourably won, above it. His school-days ended, what was to be made of a youth so strangely compounded of the material and the intellectual? His father never asked himself the question, having made up his mind that he should tread in his footsteps as a compounder and vender of

medicinals. The youth made wry faces, and inwardly resolved to throw physic to the dogs; but at present there was no help for it, and his name was entered on the books of the School of Pharmacy. While apparently busied in his father's shop of a morning with the Pharmacopœia, his thoughts were elsewhere. From the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin to the Louvre was but a short step; and here, day after day, he passed his hours in contemplating and studying the various works of art and canvasses of the great masters contained in this splendid collection. He had no guide or instructor; he approached the masterpieces of genius unbiassed and unprejudiced, and placed upon them his own estimate. He was not of those who pronounce a judgment on Raphael or Titian without having seen a piece by one or the other, and who drag their names, and the names of other celebrities, as so many stock words, into an essay on art. It was thus that he built up that strong and sure judgment upon which he ever relied; enjoyed that keen relish of the beautiful which is perceptible in his pages; and obtained that clear insight of the true principles of art which gives his criticisms a value.

When he had exhausted the treasures of the Louvre, he found his way into private collections. Where, within reasonable distance of the metropolis, a picture or a statue was to be seen, there was Planché; where a sale of pictures was going on, there was sure to be Planché. He soon made the acquaintance of numerous artists and amateurs, and his judgment was often listened to by older heads. And thus four years passed pleasantly away. A matutinal dip into the Pharmacopœias; an ante-prandial lounge where works of art were to be seen—seen often through the ethereal haze of a cigarette; then home to a bountiful repast at the fatherly abode; and thus his days passed on. Yet he was not so exclusively wrapt up in art at this time that he neglected literature. On the contrary, he was an enormous reader, and his learning was both varied and accurate. But these fine days came to an abrupt close.

Planché, the father, having nothing to engage him in his laboratory one fine morning, took it into his head to walk over to the School of Pharmacy, to ascertain what progress Gustave had been making, and whether he was not shortly to obtain his diploma. What was the surprise of the worthy man when he learned that his hopeful was quite unknown at the school; that he had never placed foot within it! Four years' truancy! The fatherly heart swelled with indignation, and he returned to drive the prodigal son from his door with maledictions. We suspect, although it is not stated, that the young scamp took matters very philosophically; at all events, he packed up his wardrobe, which had some pretensions to respectability in those days, and took his way to the nearest dealer in second-hand garments. Here he converted his habiliments into cash, and purchased a suit of raiment which a beggar would have held dear at a groat. Coat and pantaloons were grim as mud and ill-usage could make them; on his head he wore a hat brown with age, indented, and almost innocent of brim; and, on his feet, clouted boots fearfully down at the heels. Thus attired, he walked up and down before his father's shop in the broad daylight, enjoying the observations of the neighbours and fancying the mortification of his sire. A wicked freak was this, beyond a doubt. It was after he had in this guise passed to and fro on the boulevard of the Capucins some score odd times, that he ran against Ricourt, who was then editor of the *Artiste*, to whom he was known, he having met him in the company of painters. Ricourt learned his story, and offered him an engagement on his art-journal. Gustave accepted the offer. The crown-pieces were deserting his waistcoat pockets, and there was something ravishing in Ricourt's proposition—"Five francs a page, and two columns only in the page!" In four-and-twenty hours the article was written and placed in the hands of the editor-in-chief of the *Artiste*. "Bravo, my lad!" he exclaimed, when he had perused it. "There are ideas here! Where in the name of Mercury have you stolen this wit—to say nothing of originality, dash, style? *Diable!* I have made an acquisition. I shall not readily let you go!" And Gustave Planché made his *début* as a public writer. "Five francs a page, and two columns only on the page," did not long satisfy Planché. How were cigars, cold punch, and dainty dishes to be procured from such a slender income? He soon bade good-bye

to Ricourt, and obtained an introduction to Buloz, conductor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. His first papers in this review were translations from the English; but suddenly he took a leap, and at once placed himself in the foremost rank of public writers, wielding his pen with taste, intelligence, and effect. The youthful critic had at once a hearing, and certain venerated authorities were soon cast down from their pedestals. It was not one field he was to be contented with winning; he aspired to a dictatorship in literature as well as in art; and, as the fancy struck him, artists, poets, and musicians were submitted to his criticisms. The number of articles he wrote in the course of a quarter of a century, and which are spread over various French periodicals, it would be rather difficult to state. What one must admire in the writings of Gustave Planché is the clear definition he gives of beauties in music and art—beauties so vague, so intangible, so subtle at first glance, that we marvel at the genius who, in a few words, has shaped our thoughts, and rendered our admiration articulate. No one will venture to assert, for all this, that his writings are without blemish. He is often unjustly severe on his contemporaries, and appears on such occasions to be led away by passion and caprice. Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Sue, Victor Hugo, and other names familiar to the English reader, he makes the subjects of biting, ill-natured remarks. For example, he says of Chateaubriand: "He is only a reader of pretty discourses, a writer of the first order, but whose name will live longer than his works—the author of some hundred admirable pages, who, in all his life, has never written a fine book; for René, in the 'Genius of Christianity,' and Velléda, in the 'Mantyls,' are as an oak in an immense desert." The works of Hugo, he writes, "are destined to disappear beneath the wave of oblivion. And again: "The life of this man is only a long suite of obstinate errors. The most ignorant know, that the author of 'Notre Dame de Paris' thought he could dispense with study through the power of his genius, and they are very decided in not accepting this pretension. No science is possible without study; and, if M. Victor Hugo wishes to draw all from himself, he will soon be condemned to submit to public disdain." This criticism is venomous and unjust; and the most ignorant, it may safely be asserted, know that the author of 'Notre Dame' possesses immense erudition, and is thoroughly master of his science. We are led in charity to believe that Gustave sometimes wrote when under the influence of a fit of indigestion. His friends try to explain his rancour towards Hugo by an apocryphal anecdote. A question, they say, escaped Madame Hugo once, when conversing with the critic on the subject of the masculine toilette, which greatly wounded him: "Monsieur Planché, have you many shirts?"

But to pursue our notice of the outward man. Gustave, driven from the paternal home, widened the breach when he became a man of letters. Whether to vex his family, who were all set against him, or to indulge a natural slovenliness, he wore the most odious costume, and never washed his hands. Those who knew him before this metamorphosis affirm that he was a young man perfectly distinguished, heightening by aristocratic manners and perfect keeping the advantages of an elegant form and an expressive countenance. A great change he had suffered to come over him. It was at the time when George Sand had published her famous work 'Indiana,' and Planché had noticed it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that she naturally desired to make the acquaintance of a man who had assured her literary triumph. A mutual friend introduced the one to the other. Madame Sand began the intimacy by rendering a visit to Planché, who was then residing in the dirtiest street of the Latin quarter. In the Rue des Cordiers strange people take refuge, and it requires some courage to penetrate it, even in daylight, assured by the presence of the sergeant-de-ville who may be standing at the corner. Dressed as a man, however, and announcing herself to the porter as *Monsieur George*, the valiant baroness ascended to the roost of Monsieur Gustave. For several months the two were very good friends; and Madame admits that he was very useful to her, obliging her to study her language more, which she then wrote with negligence, and instructing her in a great number of things by his substantial conversation; but the intimacy came to an end. Madame at length felt bored with his detailed criticisms, his melancholy humour, and

his theories of universal disgust. She was at an age, she says herself, when she had more need of happiness than of knowledge; and then, again, all her friends whom Planché had hurt by his writings or sayings made it a crime in her to admit him to her house in their presence, so that she was threatened with complete isolation by being abandoned by friends more ancient than he, who ought not, they said, to be sacrificed to a new one. Balzac has set forth this singular *liaison* in his romance of "Beatrice," wherein George Sand figures as *Félicité des Touches*, and Gustave Planché as *Claude Vignon*. Balzac insinuates in this romance that *Félicité*—who received this superb writer "as she did a hundred others, authors, journalists, artists, and *gens du monde*, who knew her character without elasticity, her idleness, her profound misery, her disgust with everything—appeared to wish to make him her husband, by the odd manner she entertained him." This belongs to the petty scandals of the day.

It was somewhere about 1839 that Planché experienced a serious affection of the eyes. What with reading, writing, correcting the press, and stimulating the system with alcohol, his vision was so injured, that the physicians ordered absolute repose. Luckily, he was in possession at this time of some sixty to eighty thousand francs; so, without more ado than casting the doctors' prescriptions to the winds, he packed up his bank notes in a wallet, bade adieu to Balzac, and started for Italy. He remained in Italy for seven years, and these he mentioned as "the happiest days in his life." During this time he never read; but he visited the churches, the museums and galleries, and noted down each day his observations. Once during this time he was overtaken with a fit of sanctity, and attended to his religious duties very praiseworthy for six weeks—he was, indeed, in half a mind to turn monk; but, his ardour cooling down, he turned his back on Italy, and not many days after was seated in the Café Momus, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and engaged in one of his ancient orgies. There was a *bonhomie* about this man, who always regarded himself as a miserable. He was greatly attached to young men, and they were greatly attached to him. He would occasionally invite one or two young students to his apartment, up some two hundred steps; and, after encasing his head in a nightcap and lighting his cigar, he would indulge them with a discourse on aesthetics or a catalogue of his own woes. Some dozen years ago a remarkably oily-looking man, wearing a shockingly dirty shirt, vile boots, a coat greased to the collar, an impossible hat, and pantaloons torn and fringed at the base, entered the courtyard of the School of Fine Arts. "Here comes Chodrus Duclos!" cried a young rogue. But another touched him on the arm and whispered, "Silence, this is Gustave Planché." Immediately the crowd of pupils surrounded the critic, formed an escort, and gathered his words as so many oracles. One of Planché's recent biographers, in reference to his untidy habits, declares that he was not so black as he has been painted; that he washed his hands twice a day; and that, if his beard was not always in trim, it was because he could not command the requisite five sous for the barber. Be it so or not, the following anecdote is said to stand upon historical grounds:—

Invited once to dine with a celebrated actress (some say Anais, others Dorval), he arrived before any one else. "Mon dieu, Planché, what an appearance! go take a bath, I conjure you; here is a card." An hour afterwards he returned, dirty as before. "But you have not taken a bath, wretched man!" "Yes, upon my faith." "Look at your hands." "Ah! it is because I have been reading," said Planché, with much calmness, not doubting the validity of his plea. Occupied in holding a book, he had not even dipped the tips of his fingers in a basin.

Planché objected to water as much inwardly as outwardly. At his favourite cafés he drank beer like one of Odin's heroes. About midnight, when he rose to depart, he would take a step or two into the centre of the room, to assure himself of his equilibrium, and then, casting an eye of satisfaction on his portly abdomen, would exclaim: "Now let us go home together, my barrel." Gustave out of luck no longer showed himself at the café. He lived on bread and cheese or ate cag-mag with the masons. For an entire year he dined daily at the *Petite Californie*, an establishment without rival on the barrier of the Maine, where the knives, forks, spoons, and tin goblets are chained to the table, so greatly is the probity of

the customers confided in. Gustave in luck pursued another course, and behold now. When he had made up his mind to have a day of it, he engaged a cab the night before, telling the coachman to beat his door the following morning at six o'clock, without fail. At nine he rose, and had himself driven to the house of certain of his friends, painters or sculptors. At eleven he was deposited in some café-restaurant of renown. Here he avenged himself for the famine days at the *gargotte*. He was as methodical a gourmand as a critic. Wending his way into some favourite corner, his first command was *absinthe* or *vermouth*—from personal experience we cannot say much in favour of either abomination; but let the abstemious reader fancy that he has presented to him wormwood mixed with gall, to whet his appetite, and he will have some idea of the nature of the daily potion of Gustave, when Gustave was in luck. Six or seven small glasses of absinthe imbibed, Gustave made a comfortable breakfast, and put down his five-and-twenty or thirty francs without a murmur. Again he mounted his hackney-cab, and drove off to visit other artists. At six he would descend at the Café de Paris, prepared to do justice to the good things placed before him. The best dishes and the most exquisite wines came at his bidding. This time the bill rose to fifty or sixty francs. His carriage, still in attendance, carried him, to accomplish the digestive process, to the Opera or the Théâtre-Français. Now the man was in his element. Towards midnight the same cab or *coupé* carried him home. He gave forty francs to his coachman, groped his way to his garret, put out, peradventure, his rushlight, and crept to his shake-down, thanking God that he had not "lost a day." Some of his friends have estimated that these eighteen-hour trips have sometimes cost him two hundred francs. But let us return to Gustave out of luck, shunning his creditors, and reduced to the condition of a Parisian Bohemian. At an early hour, before the sun has risen upon the Seine, we find him stealing from his garret and escaping into the gardens of the Luxembourg. The season is mid-winter. His garments are thin; his boots are ventilated by the four winds. But yesterday he might have had the means to protect himself against the rigours of this morning had he chosen to be guilty of a breach of honour. His teeth chatter and chatter sometimes against a hard crust, which is washed down with water from the adjacent fountain. It freezes, and he must keep himself warm by constant motion; it rains, and his umbrella is the shelter of a sycamore stripped of its foliage. He steals about like a man proscribed until nightfall, again to enter his cheerless garret, and again to issue forth before Paris is fully awake. He never confides his address, at this juncture, to any one. A friend may wish to see him home; but he gives him the slip, or fires him out in walking about until nearly day-break. If he is alone, the policeman eyes him suspiciously, the foot-pad passes by him unheeding. The whole outer man would not realise to the thief twenty sous. Where he sleeps, to his friends is a mystery. They guess the steps of the Pantheon, or the stone benches of the Luxembourg. "Where do you dwell?" asked one of them. "Dwell! my good sir; I do not dwell, I perch." "And where, pray?" "Champs Elysées—third tree to the right." He was fond of mystifying the impertinent.

When Gustave had occasion to change his lodgings, his baggage gave him small trouble. The whole of his wardrobe he could pack up in his hat. He had no need of a porter; besides, porters, he knew, are given to telling the address of a person. Once he took possession of an apartment, three false collars constituting his whole stock of linen. The master of the hotel looked at him askance. "But where are your shirts, monsieur?" he demanded *naïvely*. "Do me the pleasure," replied Planché, "to explain to me why one puts on a shirt; is it not to show a collar? Very good: here are three collars quite proper!" His apathy he often mistook for independence; but more is laid to his charge with regard to his proneness to solicit favours than is just. A certain poet was one day with Renduel, the publisher, when the conversation fell upon Planché. "Has he been at your house lately?" inquired the publisher. "Not a word about him," replied the poet; "he has not come near me since he borrowed some money." "How much does he owe you?" said Renduel, astonished; "I shall pay you the sum." The poet muttered something, and then was silent: he had told a

gratuitous lie. We have seen how reluctant Planché was to share his dainties with his school-fellows; and, if the following anecdote be true—and we hope it is not, even though he tells it himself—this selfish feeling grew up with him. Returning home one snowy night in December, he found a poor woman crouching under a pillar, who, weeping, asked alms of him. He fumbled in his pocket and drew forth a sou, but almost immediately put it back again, muttering, "*Pas si bête*"—not such a fool! I was on the point of doing a good action." The man appears to have been all his days see-sawing between a decent income and extreme poverty. He was prodigal; and this is the trait in his character which would lead us to believe that sometimes he was selfish. He sometimes dispensed his money by handfuls, and at other times had not a centime to bless himself with. Once he took lodgings in the neighbourhood of the Palais-Royal, at three francs a night. He thought no one would know him there, and he allowed himself to be mistaken for a traveller. One night, when in bed enjoying a sweet sleep, unvisited by dreams of creditors, he was awoken by a loud knocking at his door. The good man was in a passion. Who was the impudent varlet who had disturbed his slumbers? "Open in the name of the law!" cried a rough voice. He arose, more dead than alive. "Who are you?" said the commissary of police, showing his sash. "Is your name upon the book?" (Every one who lodges in a French hotel is obliged to enter his name and calling in a book kept by the hotel-keeper for the inspection of the police). Our poor critic found himself surrounded by police agents, who questioned him, surveyed him, and to whom he was obliged to confess his name and own his misery, and yet he was not credited at the instant. He showed his pen and papers, his whole wealth, did the poor great man. Perhaps they thought he was there for his vices. At last they left him. He dressed himself, threw on his great coat, took his pen and papers, and fled out into the night like a convict escaping from the gauleys. We have mentioned his introduction to George Sand, and the friendship that existed between the two. M. Capo de Feuillide having written several articles about this time not very favourable to the author of "*Indiana*," Gustave Planché defended her, not with his pen, but with his sword. He was fond of relating the anecdote of his duel, which was without any grave consequences. We give it as related by one of his friends.

His antagonist was M. Capo de Feuillide; his seconds were Buloz, and a doctor of his acquaintance. They fought with pistols. I have never had the honour of seeing M. Capo de Feuillide; I know not whether he is stout or tall; but I know that Planché was visible to the naked eye, and that he presented a respectable circumference, such a one as the balls would not respect. The real danger to the critic did not, however, exist in this circumstance. A peasant was at work on the boundaries of the ground selected for the combat. By his side a dun cow was grazing peacefully. Gustave perceived the two importunate animals, and his heart was moved; he reflected, and calling to the villager, "My good man," said he, "how much is your cow worth?" "Is it that you want to buy her?" "I am not rich enough to indulge in such a whim; but will you follow my counsel?" "What?" "A delicate matter is about to take place here. Your cow may be killed, and that would be a pity." At the same time he patted the beast, while the seconds measured out the ground. "Lead her away, she will be more safe," and the countryman, dull as the animal herself, began to lead off his cow to a safe distance. "Hold," cried Gustave; "one precaution taken, let us not forget another. Take care of my watch; if I am touched, the splinters of the glass may wound me." He really carried a watch in those days, and prudence too, you will observe. God be praised! No one was touched, neither M. de Feuillide, nor Planché, nor the cow, nor the seconds. One of the parties, it is said, had the prudence to shelter himself. A man of five feet and a half cannot crouch under a toadstool, but he may stand safely behind the trunk of a tree. Both parties were great journalists, but bad shots; but he would have been a good shot in this case who could have directed a ball around the circumference of an oak tree.

Planché had great modesty. He never spoke of himself, but allowed others to discuss his merits. The Emperor—who admired his talents, and who always read his articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—when he came to power, offered him any place in the administration of the Beaux-Arts he chose to accept. Gustave declined the generous offer. He was afraid that he would have to surrender his liberty; that he would have to renounce the licence of his habits;

that he could no longer wear his threadbare coat, sip absinthe, and roister with the students of the Latin quarter. He kept his secret until an accident forced it from him. A party, high in the administration of the Beaux-Arts came one day complaining to Buloz, in violent terms, of certain articles written by Planché, on the great works in course of execution. "Take care, Sir," replied Buloz, "His Majesty makes much of the opinion of M. Planché." The director-in-chief ran to Planché, who was then ill in bed, to acquaint him with the interview. Planché, ill as he was, rose from his bed, and, producing the Emperor's letter, read it, and said: "Should you see this gentleman again, tell him that, if I please, I can have his place to-morrow."

Towards the close of his days his sight had greatly failed. He continued to the last to wear the same shabby garment that inspired Charles Nodier with one of his capital bon-mots. Some one had told this lively writer that a novelist, exasperated by a critique in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, had laid wait for Gustave one night in a corner, and had caned him to the full extent of his indignation. "God be praised!" said Nodier, calmly: "his coat has had a dusting for once." Worn out by pain and suffering, Gustave Planché, the brilliant critic, surrendered his breath to God, in September last, at the age of fifty-nine years.

FRANCE.

Les Philosophes Français du dix-neuvième Siècle.
Par H. TAINÉ. Paris.

THE real novelty of this work is, that, being by a Frenchman, it has the courage to tell the French some wholesome truths. Most French books are written to flatter the worst prejudices of the French people: can we marvel, therefore, that the French people should mistake their prejudices for heroism, for patriotism, for everything noble and great? Though from the beginning a revolutionary race, our Gallic friends have never had either the spirit or the habits of reformers. They could be stung to insurrection by imaginary insult, or by intolerable wrong, but they had no loathing for wickedness and oppression, as in themselves evil and hateful. Never were they filled, like the Hebrew prophets, with wrath at abomination and iniquity. Sin is a vulgar word only understood by earnest men. It never had any meaning in France, except as a rhetorical embellishment; and to bid adieu to sin was always there to end by a theatricality a career of theatricalities. The persecuted in France also were invariably as noisy as the penitents. Madame Guyon could not be a Quietist quietly, any more than the Duchess de la Vallière could retire quietly from a life of licentiousness to a life of prayer. There are certain commonplaces current about the French which really explain far less than this one thing—the profound indifference of the French to the exceeding sinfulness of sin. It would be difficult to show that the French had ever the slightest notion of morality. They have grand and generous instincts, accompanied by a total want of principle. From their instincts they are often nobler in action than other men; from their want of principle they are often baser than the beasts. Madame Dudevant is the true exponent of the French moral code—talk magnificently of every human virtue, but follow your inclination, even though it should conduct you to every crime. You have thus the pleasure of considering yourself a hero, and of indulging, without scruple and without restraint, all your foulest, fiercest lusts. We like the French in many points—we admire them in many—we have not the slightest wish to depreciate them; but the hideous moral leprosy that devours them evermore we cannot overlook: and we always rejoice when any Frenchman is bold and honest enough to show his compatriots that they are not the wonderfully perfect persons they imagine themselves to be. Even if this is only done with regard to a supposed intellectual superiority, it may ultimately be felt as a moral rebuke. Get a Frenchman to think humbly of himself in one respect, and he may then be brought to think humbly of himself in all. It is strange that the only effect on a Frenchman hitherto of his intercourse with other countries has been an insatiable self-idolatry. Of pride in the egoistic sense he has really far less than the Englishman; but, proud and bigoted as the Englishman may be, he seldom goes anywhere without adding to his stock of

information and wisdom. Intellectually teachable, he will be to the same extent, or to a still greater extent, morally teachable. But, alas! your poor, unfortunate Frenchman, disdaining to learn a little modesty in trifles, is tragically barred from the remorses which would lead him, a regenerated being, to the throne of God.

M. Taine does not meddle much with France's moral requirements; but he uncompromisingly proclaims the baselessness of French philosophical pretensions during the last fifty years. He is a shrewd thinker, a vigorous writer, occasionally flippant, admirably fair, and, though a sharp critic, wholly free from malignity. His work contains notices of five philosophers—Laromiguière, Roger-Collard, Maine de Biran, Cousin, and Jouffroy. The longest, the best, and the most elaborate part of the volume is that which relates to Cousin, whom M. Taine, with extreme courtesy and extreme good nature, strips of the sage's mantle and brings down to the level of the phrasemonger. Cleverest of rhetoricians, feeblest of philosophers, almost akin to the quack, such, painted by M. Taine, does Cousin stand before us. The dissection of the philosopher is all the keener the more readily M. Taine recognises the orator's brilliant abilities. Of Jouffroy the author speaks with much tenderness and beauty, yet with no less justice and sagacity. Jouffroy is a more interesting figure than Cousin, for to him thought was a weapon of earnest battle. Laromiguière, as representative of the old French sensational school, is too slightly sketched to leave aught but a faint impression. Roger-Collard, as herald of a philosophical revolution, is almost as shadowy. M. Taine finds Maine de Biran a nondescript in cloudland, and contributes a cloud as a suitable offering. The circumstances out of which Eclecticism grew, those which contributed to its triumph, those which still maintain it on a tottering throne, are exhibited in a manner the most masterly, convincing, and complete. M. Taine's own system—if he can be said indeed to have a system—seems to be an amalgamation of Spinozism and Hegelianism. It is as remote, therefore, as possible from Eclecticism. Unfortunately, he writes more like Hegel than Spinoza when stating it. No philosopher has been so profound, and at the same time so intelligible, as Spinoza; so that he deserves to be read for his style alone by those who are indifferent to philosophy. It would, perhaps, have been as well if M. Taine had not attempted to tell us what he himself believes, for here assuredly he is tiresome and confused. Not a little mistaken also. Though not on the watch to trip him up, we discovered two egregious errors. First as to the nature of language. The more language is examined, the more it will be found to have been in its origin wholly pictorial. Man attempted in speech to paint colour and form before attempting to echo sounds, and to echo sounds before attempting to express thoughts; because colour and form assailed his opening existence before sounds, and sounds before thoughts. M. Taine, in averring the contrary, shows that in this matter he has studied Condillac more than Creation. Secondly, as to the nature of the infinite. M. Taine asserts that the idea of the infinite is formed by abstraction—refuting or endeavouring to refute those who imagine that it is formed by addition, as if the infinite were the finite piled on the finite stupendously and eternally. Now the idea of the infinite is formed neither by abstraction nor addition, for the simple reason that our earliest impression is that of the infinite. To our dawning senses all is an endless expanse. It is only by slow degrees that we arrive at finites, that we learn to circumscribe and to define. What is a definition but an arbitrary separation of one object from other objects? Before this process the object belonged to that endless expanse of which we have spoken. If it were once admitted as a metaphysical principle that, contrary to the usual notion, the infinite as a human impression precedes the finite, metaphysics would be extremely simplified, while many metaphysical doctrines now in credit and culmination would be overthrown. In truth, with rare exceptions, metaphysics have been hitherto treated as a consequence or continuation of logic. Hence boundless blundering. On a broad basis of definitions carefully constructed by logic, the temple of metaphysics was to be built; and, of course, thus it never could be built. Prone to this reversal of a natural order have the French been, from having abounding the logical and mathematical, and from being totally deficient in the meta-

physical, faculties. They have had great philosophers, but never a great metaphysician. One of their philosophers has said that France is the land of philosophy. We admit it. But what in France does philosophy do? It classifies scientific results, to prepare scientific victories. By that very work—achieved in France as it is nowhere else achieved—philosophy is excluded from the metaphysical domain; for metaphysics belong to the religious synthesis, and it is with analysis and method that philosophy labours. To suppose that the same men who accomplish such marvels with analysis can do aught with synthesis is absurd, since synthesis and analysis are antagonisms, incompatibilities. M. Taine makes merry with Cousin for having had three or four philosophical faiths, and for fixing finally on spiritualism. The joke is not so good as he thinks it. On strictly French ground, what choice is left to a Frenchman between pure sensationalism and pure spiritualism—the one the product of the logical, the other of the theological, but neither of them recognised by profoundest metaphysical contemplation, which continually strives toward a unity in which they both sink as in a vast abyss? When Cousin subsided into spiritualism, he probably subsided into sincerity: to a mind like his pantheism could be only a passing whim, and from sensationalism it is plain that he always revolted. But in subsiding into spiritualism he receded to the point at which Rousseau had left it. Rousseau is really France's sublimest spiritualist philosopher. France, as condemned everlastingly to a sensationalism the offspring of analysis and method, rivalling with a spiritualism the offspring of the Christian traditions and inspirations, cannot act more wisely than by flinging edition after edition of Rousseau at the heads of the sensationalists. M. Taine deems it a reproach to France that France should be at this hour metaphysically barren. When, M. Taine, was France metaphysically fruitful? Believing in France's perennial metaphysical sterility, we are not disposed to speak so contemptuously as he regarding the histories of philosophy which his country is busy in multiplying. If France had been famous and foremost as a metaphysical creator, it might be sad enough that she should be the mere chronicler of a metaphysical past which she could no longer equal—strove no longer to excel. But, as France, so far from being a chief figure in that metaphysical past, had no part in it at all, we consider that she is turning her lucid utterance and rapid narrative to useful purpose in becoming its historian; and we commend and are grateful accordingly. Not forming also any other estimate of Cousin than M. Taine forms—namely, that he is a brilliant rhetorician, with the customary appetite of the rhetorician for temporary triumphs, preferring these to enduring glory—we thank him, as for brave service, in being so conspicuously and so variously the historian of philosophy. France often prepares a banquet for other nations, of which she is unable herself to partake. The scope and field of the world's scholarship have been immensely enlarged through the study devoted in France by Cousin, his disciples, and their disciples, to philosophy in its historical aspects. We deem the French incapable of a true catholicity—they mistake for catholicity their discursiveness of intellect, their social impulses and social propagandism. But the world's approach to a true catholicity has assuredly been in a large degree aided by the records of the world's deepest, most daring thinkings in the bygone with which French literature has for many years abounded, and is likely more and more to abound. The most important step toward a true catholicity is to see what all the religions that have been from the beginning meant and mean. Earnestness is as needful as ever; but an earnestness founded on exclusiveness is henceforth scarcely possible. Henceforth, in whatever principles we ultimately rest, there will be the more life, beauty, and harmony, the more we endeavour to ascertain what of good every religious system contained, what of noble every religious institution embodied. Now, how slow would the mind of the world have been in girding itself to march in this direction, but for the stimulus received from the numerous students of philosophy in France? We are apt in such matters to ascribe too much to the Germans. The Germans would do little but drudge unless they had the French by their side to stir them on; and even when they had done something mighty, how worthless it would be unless the French

came and popularised it. In the active and fruitful commune between France and Germany ever since the publication of Madama de Staël's book, France has given quite as much as it has received. In philosophy, in religion, the Germans would have gone on accumulating colossal materials for history; yet but for the French would they ever have given the materials an organic shape? That catholicity which the Frenchman only simulates the German has as a natural gift. Left to itself, however, it vanishes into vagueness or stagnates into apathy. Fiery French contact forces it to the concentration which, expanding once more, becomes triumphant energy. Unlike France, Germany is not the land of philosophy; it is the land of metaphysics. Now, if we consider how closely, not philosophy and religion, but metaphysics and religion, are connected—how signally Germany is the Hamlet of nations—we can easily understand why the dreamy German brain should journey in pursuit of mythologies and symbolisms from every time, from every clime. In its travellings it would learn, it would gather much. But, through its very catholicity, there is something which it would neither learn nor gather. In the development of religion there are two facts, two ideas—the idea and the fact of apotheosis, and the idea and the fact of incarnation. Promptly, prodigally can the broad, synthetic German nature enter into the idea and fact of incarnation; for that very reason, however, it is driven far from the idea and fact of apotheosis. Here French individuality is demanded! The Divine pouring itself into universal being, into every human heart—that can German phantasy conceive and delineate. The hero rising into a god—that can French heroism swiftly seize and picture. Ascending to oldest Oriental religions, German phantasy finds a temple and a home: entering into brotherhood with Greek heroes, French heroism sees religion mainly in what carried those heroes in glory to the stars. Now in this double movement, in this yearning, this research, this painting, the other nations have hitherto had very little share; French analysis and German synthesis have in stranger fashion been attracting and repelling each other, repelling and attracting; and yet the other nations have looked on, indifferent, or at the most with indolent curiosity, as if it were all an affair of scholastic subtlety. But, though scholastic subtlety is there, something much more is there. To those who believe, as we believe, in the renewal of the religious life throughout the earth, in such an outpouring of Deity as has never before been witnessed, it cannot be a light matter to see every ancient or every recent religion summoned from its grave to co-operate in creating the future religion. We rejoice that German phantasy and French individuality, repelling and attracting, attracting and repelling each other, should have introduced fresher and more fecund modes of penetrating into the soul of antiquity—should so grandly unveil long-vanished centuries. We rejoice much more that—German phantasy and French individuality wrestling fiercely ere sitting down to the same repast—gods long forgotten should start from their slumbers, that the Unspeaking should be the more sublimely adored. M. Taine has not strayed far from the region of pure literature: otherwise our joy would also be his. He aimed at writing a clever book, and he has written it. But there are glimpses in it of a higher truth which he has not had the courage to follow. He admits, for instance, the worthlessness, the aridity, the falsehood of psychology—that it is not some psychical figment we have to deal with, but the whole man in his relations with universal nature. Why should not, then, the whole man in his relations with universal nature be alone delineated? If psychology is objectionable by itself, is not philosophy by itself equally objectionable? One of the French can't is that of solidarity. In M. Taine and his countrymen let it cease to be a cant, let it grow into a reality; or rather let them substitute for solidarity the affinities that bind all things to all things, that blend all things with all things. A favourite phrase and a favourite process in these days is ignoring; but to ignore is to lie. In England people ignore from thirst of lucre, and from fear of offending the pharisees; in France people ignore because they love to map out accurately the various departments of human knowledge and human affairs. If the cowardice is base, the blunder is disastrous; and not more does England suffer from the cowardice than France from the blunder. Let there be no

ignorance will be religious let it be weapons the other with a the men Fortune ignorance began France into a sect of the wheel serious nor the is applicable long be satisfied it may pious many thought the mi

M. Guizot's Memoirs. Tallies with War. INTENS some of moirs of the sec which the Re throne of Feb without publica by those Paris, and re their own found t elevated events stood, in the resigning Crown in wind on the wholly enacti by a bu had ab fled tow and in Paris it hour so to get in the Ch friend, the rap with the pearanc which vigorou of Thie in the unnee Guizot's teristic was for long, Affairs. position the con ness an vigorou impos Govern 1848, it perhaps and its you E less cen France Napole bastar a cons reads afford the de Assem It is explan Englis policy

ignoring; and if criticism is the freer, reverence will be the more earnest and sincere. That religion may transmute and transform infinitely, let it never be afraid; let it use no jesuitical weapons, take no apologetic attitude; and let, on the other hand, the merely mundane cover itself with a religious garment, drink full draughts of the religious spirit, whenever the religious garment and the religious spirit come naturally. Fortunately, the divine in humanity ignores ignoring. We have seen that what in France began as a history of philosophy has extended in France and Germany into a history of religion, into a history of the universe. It is in the sectarian that humanity finds the best materials of the catholic. We in England, tied to the wheel of our enormous industrialisms, have seriously begun neither the history of philosophy nor the history of religion. But England's hour is approaching, the grander for the delay. The longings of England's noblest hearts must at last be satisfied. Till the season of redemption arrives, it may not be profitless for those valiant and pious hearts to watch the diverse forms in Germany and France whereby the record of human thought has passed into ecstatic contemplation on the miracle of Jehovah's deeds. ATTICUS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, Oct. 28.

M. Guizot's coming Memoirs.—*Overthrow of the Monarchy in 1848.*—*Lord Palmerston.*—*Prince Talleyrand's Sketch of the noble Viscount.*—*M. de Warren on the English in India.*

INTENSE curiosity is created in Paris, and also in some other capitals of Europe, by the promised Memoirs of M. Guizot, which will comprise an account of the secret history of nearly every political event in which the French Government had any share, from the Revolution which placed Louis Philippe on the throne in 1830, down to the extraordinary catastrophe of Feb. 24th, 1848, when the monarchy of July fell without a struggle before a disorganised mob of Republicans and Royalists (of the Carlist party), aided by those poor blundering dupes, the National Guard of Paris, whose stupid vanity rendered them the blind and ready tools of the band of *farceurs* who, to their own vast surprise—not unmingled with terror—found themselves, on the afternoon of the day named, elevated into “un Gouvernement Provisoire.” Of the events of that last day, M. Guizot, it is understood, personally knew nothing; for it was stated in the papers of the time that, dismissed or resigning the office of First Minister of the Crown the preceding evening, he was occupied in winding-up the affairs of his bureau so completely on the morning of the 24th February, that he was wholly ignorant of the momentous scenes that were enacting at the Tuileries, where the King, distracted by a hundred officious but most unofficial advisers, had abdicated in favour of the Count de Paris, and fled towards the coast, while his palace was invaded and in the hands of the riotous mob. Of the state of Paris it is affirmed M. Guizot was at that eventful hour so unconscious, that he was actually preparing to get into his *coupé* at the usual time to proceed to the Chamber of Deputies, when he was stopped by a friend, pale with affright, who acquainted him with the rapid events which had been hurrying on, and with the certain danger which would attend his appearance in the midst of the infuriated multitude which were thronging the streets. Of the terrible mistakes of that day in disregarding the honest and vigorous counsels of Marshal Bugeaud, to take those of Thiers and Odillon Barrot—whose silly confidence in their own popularity lost the monarchy—it is now unnecessary to say anything; but the anecdote of Guizot, if true—and it is to a certain extent characteristic of the man—proves how utterly unfitted he was for the most important post he had occupied so long, Chief of the Cabinet, and Minister of Foreign Affairs. Perhaps, however, Guizot's filling such a position was a kind dispensation of Providence; for the continued reign of Louis-Philippe, with its weakness and pusillanimity in the presence of the powerful, vigorous, and active parties opposed to it, had become impossible, and it fell without a blow. Had the Government succeeded in crushing the movement in 1848, it would only have been to renew the struggle, perhaps with much bloodshed, at some future day; and its ultimate fall was certain; for, let it startle you English Liberals as it may, the fact is not the less certain, that the only practicable Government in France is a despotism! Hence the strength of Napoleon III. Henry V. offers a constitution—a bastard one, no doubt—but still what may be called a constitution. The Count de Paris holds out what reads like a real one; but the Emperor Napoleon can afford to laugh at both, and place them by the side of the despicable farrago put forth by the “Constituente Assemblée” in 1848.

It is expected that M. Guizot's work will contain explanations upon many circumstances on which the English public are very ill informed, relative to the policy of their own Government towards France, and

also other continental states. Some curious revelations are looked for connected with your present Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, who filled the post of Secretary of Foreign Affairs nearly the whole of the period of which M. Guizot treats. But I should doubt if these expectations will be gratified, knowing the prudence and reserve of the writer. The opinion he entertains of the noble Viscount's character is said to be none of the highest; it is, however, very improbable that he will, under present circumstances, say all that he thinks. *Au reste*, were he to be as bitter as his quiet nature allows him to be, any portrait from his placid pen would be pale and lifeless in comparison with the sketch dashed off of Palmerston by Talleyrand, in one of his happiest moods, on the return of the piquant old satirist from his embassy to London. This sketch, which for wit, caustic truth, and pitiless ridicule, was never surpassed, for a length of time amused all the courts of Europe, and was sent over from Paris, either by the King or one of the royal family, to Buckingham Palace—an offence which the noble Secretary never forgave; and hence, indeed, it is affirmed, originated the rancorous feeling which he ever afterwards manifested towards Louis-Philippe, and which in 1840 was not very far from leading the two nations into a war. The revelations on the circumstances which led to the alliance contracted privately between England, Austria, and Turkey, against France in the Egyptian affair at that period, are looked forward to with most peculiar interest. The book will, I believe, appear almost simultaneously in English and in French, and in Paris is looked forward to as the book of the season.

While on the look-out for novelties, a few days ago, I fell in with a work which, though old, will doubtless prove new to the majority of your readers. It is by a M. de Warren, a Frenchman of Irish extraction, who served in India in H.M.'s 65th Foot. Having now retired, he has written a book thoroughly French—that is, full of prejudices and injustice—but at the same time decidedly interesting. He is loud in his attacks upon our army; shows keen powers of observation, and very little generosity. He has also a most unfortunate penchant for those nuisances, statistics, and fills several pages at a time with formidable arrays of figures. He can write a graphic sketch too; and I fancy I can hardly do better than lay before you his account of the cholera at Bellary, where his regiment was stationed, as it will give you an excellent idea of the powers of the writer:

“On a fine evening in February 1833, as I was riding through the bazaar, homeward-bound from a gallop across the plain, my attention was attracted by piercing shrieks and a large crowd, which surrounded a booth where a sonnâ or jeweller habitually carried on his operations. Forcing my way through the throng, I beheld, by the lurid glare of torches, one of the most ghastly spectacles that ever met my eyes. On a tcharpai, a sort of pallet, lay a youth of seventeen, the jeweller's only son, writhing in fearful spasms. His eyes were sunk, and their fixed lifeless gaze seemed to indicate that his sufferings were at an end, when a tremendous convulsion would seize him and rack his body for a few moments, after which he would fall back in a state of utter prostration. But a few hours before I had seen this young man in robust health, and remarked a degree of embonpoint unusual at his time of life. His dark and lustrous skin shone like burnished ebony. One day had not elapsed, and now his stout-shaped form was disfigured by the most frightful emaciation; his cheeks were hollow; his black skin had assumed an ominous whitish hue; and he wore the haggard and decrepid appearance of a very, very old man. He died as I was moving away. The cholera was at Bellary, and this was its first victim. Such was the impression produced upon me by this painful scene, that, on reaching my quarters, I found study quite out of the question; and, to drive away the gloomy feelings I laboured under, I joined a party of my comrades who spent the evening at a bungalow occupied by three of our lieutenants. Among the guests was young Campbell, in preference to whom, it will be recollected, I had received my appointment, and who continued to serve as a volunteer, in the hopes of being more successful on another occasion. We were about twenty, and what with the delicious coolness of the night air, pretty deep potations, and a great deal of cordiality and good fellowship, the evening wore on pleasantly enough. ‘Toasts,’ ‘sentiments,’ and ‘speeches,’ were following each other with more rapidity than coherence, when one of the junior officers, calling for bumpers, proposed: ‘A bloody war and a sickly season.’ An avenging Nemesis was at hand, and this blasphemous wish was not unheard. Among all these jovial fellows, there were only two gloomy faces to be seen—that of young Campbell and my own. He had been out all day hunting, and his robust frame had never known one day's sickness. I remarked that he frequently rose from the table, and each time he resumed his seat, I fancied his brow looked more clouded, and that he appeared more restless and anxious, than before. I was sitting close to our surgeon, Dr. Routledge, and, unable to master my apprehensions, I pointed out Campbell to him, and briefly related the scene I had witnessed in the Bazaar. He took an early opportunity of taking the young officer aside, and soon left with him. The Doctor returned in

an hour, and sobered us all by the terrible news that Campbell was no more. We buried him next day, and, by a singular coincidence, the news of his appointment to a commission in the regiment arrived just in time to be proclaimed over his grave. Nothing more grand, more touching, more solemnly impressive in its sublime simplicity, can be witnessed or imagined than the burial service in the British army. Besides the detachment on duty, to fire a salute over the grave, the whole of the regiment without arms, and all the officers of the garrison, the sword drawn and carried reversed under the left arm, follow their comrades' remains to its last abode, the band playing the Sicilian Mariners' Hymn, followed by the sublime strains of the march in Saul. The square is formed round the tomb, and then the chaplain reads the admirable prayer of the Church of England service: ‘In the midst of life we are in death.’ Then the muskets thunder forth their last farewell, and all is over. Then, ‘Form—columns of companies—forward—march,’ and the band plays the regiment back to quarters to the tune of some lively waltz. For three long months officers and men fell beneath the pestilence, and hardly a day elapsed without our following some sad procession to the churchyard. All the enjoyment was at an end, in the midst of the desolation which surrounded us on every side; and yet, with all this, our mess was served with all its habitual splendour; and many sought to drown in wine and bravado apprehensions which they vainly attempted to conceal. I cannot give a better idea of the feeling which prevailed throughout the plague-stricken garrison, than by quoting the following lines, full of genius, sadness, and extravagance, written by one of the last victims struck down by the disease, on the spur of the moment, while the mess were drinking, not enjoying, their pos-prandial wine:

We meet 'neath the 'sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter,
It seems as the dead were there.
Then stand to your glasses—steady!
We drink in our comrades' eyes;
One cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing;
Not here is the vintage sweet.
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses—steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise.
One cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
And many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
Then stand to your glasses—steady!
'Tis here the revival lies.
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink!
We'll fall midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink!
Come stand to your glasses—steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys:
One cup to the dead already!
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul can sting no more?
No—stand to your glasses—steady!
The world is a world of lies.
The cup to the dead already!
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betray'd by the land we find!
When the brightest are gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
Stand, stand to your glasses—steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize—
One cup to the dead already!
Hurrah for the next that dies!

ITALY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, Oct. 21.

ROME is a city where things on the surface, whether social or material, undergo no very rapid changes, and where novelties are slowly admitted into any department—a truth which, on my late return hither after prolonged absence, forced itself on my attention, though by no means for the first time. The exciting events within these States during the last few months may be limited to those that chequered the journey of the Pontiff through his provinces; the varied splendours of his receptions at the several cities and sanctuaries, by communes, princes, and ecclesiastic authorities; and the spectacles prepared for his welcome back to the metropolis. Those really beautiful and ingenious pageants with which her returning sovereign was greeted by Rome I did not arrive in time to see more of than one striking feature, just as it was destined to vanish like a scene on the stage, the ephemeral amphitheatre of wood and canvass, constructed immediately beyond the Milvian Bridge, through which the *cortège* passed after entering under an arch of triumphs. It was a happy

example of the eminent qualifications of the Italians for the getting up of *jeûtes*. About three parts of a vast oval were described by the graceful colonnades of an Ionic portico, rising on a substructure, interrupted at its inner curve by the ample arch, on the antique Roman model, with Corinthian columns, statues, and reliefs, and on one side by the semicupola of a loggia formed like an apse, or deep niche, ascended by a lofty flight of steps, and guarded by allegoric statues—all these sculptures being of the same perishable material, the heads and nude parts of plaster, the draperies of cloth soaked in lime-water; but the effect from a distance, except when envious winds shook what was intended to appear solid, was singularly illusive and felicitous. As for this loggia, its purpose was to supply a place for the Pontiff to appear in full view of the multitude, and impart his benediction. Of the political bearings of his journey I need not speak, nor of the sanguine hopes founded upon it, all destined to be disappointed; but I may observe how evident it is, in the present tone of feeling here, that the results have in no degree conciliated, or created any more benevolent dispositions between the governing and the governed, excepting the solitary case supplied in one individual, the amiable but ill-counselled sovereign himself. What is most to be deplored in Rome is that this people, in becoming more alienated from their government, become to nearly the same degree alienated from the Church—that the foundations of faith are imperilled together with those of loyalty.

Yet, whatever the philanthropist may find to regret, the politician to condemn, there is a charm of existence here which all must experience, who seek happiness in retirement, study, or any life self-concentrated and thoughtful. The greatest minds have felt this in Rome, from various points of view; and almost the same impression, however received, has been eloquently uttered by Byron, Shelley, Chateaubriand, and De Stael. There are, too, some signs of progress and gaieties here at present, though far from the *éclat* attending the pleasures of the winter season. The railway to Civitavecchia is advancing with tolerable rapidity; the excavations at Ostia are continually bringing to light fresh treasures, most interesting to the archaeologist. A flower-show at the Doria Palace, the second of such exhibitions in the same locality, henceforth to be annual, lately bore evidence of the progress horticulture has made, and the interest taken in it here. Three theatres are now in activity, and an equestrian company is exhibiting, by daylight, in the strangely desecrated Mausoleum of Augustus. At the second opera-house we have the "Trovatore," and in a few nights will be given "La Demente," the composition of a young master who has not yet supplied music for the stage. The national drama, at the Valle Theatre, is now sustained by a company once illustrious through the genius of Ristori and Salvini; and some original comedies of merit have been brought out this season, for the first time—owing success, perhaps, to the vivacity of Madame Fumagalli, the principal actress, who, though neither young nor handsome, has still the qualifications of spirit and feeling. But the national drama is woefully neglected here; only performed in a dingy house, to audiences rarely either fashionable or numerous; and when Ristori reappeared in Rome, last Carnival, for six nights, it was then only, after her triumphs in other lands, that even her talents first succeeded in creating any fervent, sustained interest in the Italian theatre, among a public familiar with her personifications for at least ten years previously.

The Academy of St. Luke has just exhibited one of its collections of works *premiati* in the competition periodically opened for aspirants in the different branches of art. One of the pictures lately placed in its halls, by Cavalleri, a Roman historic painter of repute, is intended to test the effects of a new method of colouring invented, and still kept secret, by that artist; it is a Madonna, rather larger than life, standing on a globe with her foot on the serpent's head (the attributes of the "Immaculate Conception"), in flowing draperies, blue and red, the brilliancy of whose tints, as produced by this new method, is almost dazzling—too much so, indeed, for any picture destined to be seen at a distance not considerable. In public buildings, or in the open air, Cavalleri's method may prove successful; otherwise, I cannot suppose that the verdict of just taste will be favourable for a style giving to every tint the lustre of gold and gems.

The bounties of Pius IX. to consecrated places and charitable funds were dealt during his late progress with regal munificence. Among other largesses was a contribution of 70,000 scudi for the completion of the façade of S. Petronio, at Bologna, which, according to the original design, hitherto only carried out in the lower section of the broad surface, will comprise the incrustation of the entire front with statues in Gothic niches, reliefs, and architectonic devices in rich variety. On occasion of a recent visit made by the Pope to the Ostian Basilica, was displayed, on the upper part of its unfinished façade, a painting that represented the design of Agricola for the great mosaic, with a central figure of the Saviour giving benediction, ultimately to be placed at this height. Altogether the progress has not been remarkable in the works at St. Paul's during late months,

except that the campanile—a decidedly ugly and anomalous addition, in three orders of architecture—has reached almost its full height, and five of the series of frescoes round the transept-walls are completed; two, I believe, quite recently. These are to illustrate the story of the Apostle to whom the basilica is dedicated; but, though merits are certainly displayed more or less in the several compositions now finished, it is distressing to find how their effect is lost, how poor and inadequate in this vast and gorgeous edifice are the results of labours to be examined, in detail, only by painful straining of sight at the immense elevation where these frescoes appear amidst wide surfaces of glittering marble, whose lustre contributes to deaden their colouring. Mosaics only should have been admitted in a building of this scale and style, where solid magnificence predominates throughout; and I am glad to learn that one of the unsatisfactory pictures now hanging here, "the Conversion of St. Paul"—a large altar-piece—is to be removed for a mosaic substitute. Over the ruined church of St. Alexander, discovered a few years ago—after lying for centuries buried and forgotten amidst the solitudes of the Campagna, seven miles from Rome—is to be erected a new temple, with the same dedication, for which offerings have been pouring in from various classes, ranks, and nations. It is pleasing to see such interest excited by this project; but all who know what ecclesiastical architecture has been here during the last two centuries, will share in the apprehension that the forlorn beauty and solemnity of these ruins, almost level with the soil as they are, can only be prejudiced by the achievement of modern art—probably some theatrical, characterless structure in Greco-Roman style, to rise on the spot now so venerable in antique simplicity.

On the road to S. Alessandro is now to be observed a conspicuous building, whose outer walls are just finished, in Early Romanesque style, the new Monastery for Lateran Canons, attached to the renovated Basilica of St. Agnes, with a lofty glazed portal opening from the court into a yet unfinished chapel—the whole restoration and enlargement of this church and cloister being intended to record the escape of Pius IX., and those with him, from signal danger, when the floor of the room in which they were assembled, after dining in this monastery, gave way, so that all were precipitated on the pavement of the ground-floor, at the spot now consecrated as a private chapel. Another new sanctuary, nearly completed, is remarkable as expressing a feeling in architecture quite without parallel in Rome—the church attached to the Convent of Redemptorists, built at the expense of their superior, Father Douglas (an English gentleman much esteemed), and designed by an English architect, Mr. Wigley. This is of Early Gothic, the simplest and most severe in character, with small pointed arches, narrow windows of stained glass, a clerestory above the arcades, an apse, and groined ceiling tinted in deep blue. The aisles are formed by a succession of chapels, communicating by arched doorways; a good deal of colour is introduced round and within the archivolts, but the general effect of the interior is solemn and subdued; and one striking adornment has just been received, in a fresco by Roden (a German), filling the vault of the apse—the Saviour seated above a rainbow, within a halo of glory, the Virgin and St. Joseph kneeling below—a group conceived in the finely devotional spirit of the school of sacred art revived in Germany, and to some degree borrowing an idea from the old mosaics of the Roman basilicas. In the Vatican may be noticed a novelty that adds to the effects of its greatest artistic treasures: the pointing of the walls in the octagon cabinets containing the Apollo, the Mercury, and the Laocoon, with tints well assorted, divided into squares and bands, while the niches that form backgrounds to those transcendent works of sculpture are coloured with a warm reddish brown, and the border of their arched outlines gilt. The Vatican Museum used to be public twice a week, the Etruscan collection being then thrown open, together with its other halls; that publicity is now only allowed once in the week for only three hours, and the Etruscan rooms shut absolutely to all visitors, unless provided with special permissions. I am sorry to add that officials have lately been pleased to order the shutting of the Capitoline Museum also on Thursdays, the second of the two days in the week when it was formerly opened, leaving now but one public day for visitors to its sculptures or paintings.

The memorial or monument (it is difficult to precisely determine the class to which it belongs) in honour of the "Immaculate Conception" was inaugurated with solemnity and the blessing of the Pontiff on the 8th September. Though exposed to a thousand criticisms, and made the subject of not a few pasquinades, it must be allowed that this structure forms a grand and impressive whole, and rises with grace and majesty from its not unfavourable, though rather confined, situation on the Piazza di Spagna, visible through a long line of street. It is peculiarly interesting to those who remember the first announcement of the idea, to see thus early accomplished its magnificent embodiment in an enduring work of art and genius, that must continue for all ages among the noblest ornaments of Christian Rome. The word enounced from the Vatican has indeed brought forth great results, and happily—in this creation at least—such

as all may contemplate with approval. As to the criticism of details, one objection made is, that this monument appears too gay and decorative: its lower members are formed of various marbles, veined and coloured; the general basement of dark grey and black; the shaft of *cipollino*, peculiar for its veins of dark green; the capital (Corinthian) of Carrara; which same marble is that of the four colossal statues at angles, and four bas reliefs at the sides of the lower basement. The expedient adopted for the sake of strengthening the shaft, which (as is well known) was found to be split after its selection for this monument—the encircling, that is, of the lower portion with a rich network of bronze—seems, though gracefully executed, to detract from the character of solidity, and is, I believe, altogether novel in a structure of this description. Why, it is naturally asked, should a shaft have been selected already in an imperfect state, from among the fragments of antiquity in this city, so rich in every description of marbles and columns of every material? The bronze statue of the Madonna, exceeding the proportions of all the rest, which stands, with outspread arms, on a globe at the summit of this pillar, has unfortunately given least satisfaction. It may be objected that its attitude is not suitable—oratoric rather than devotional, self-displaying rather than religiously humble; for it is not the Oriental attitude of prayer, so frequently presented in early art, in frescoes and mosaics, but that of declamation. The low-bending head, and hands meekly folded over the breast, would have been the becoming action to express both the privileges and lowly-mindedness of the blessed and chosen one, at the most extatic moment in her mysterious history. It is curious that the sculptor, Obici, in adapting this least devotional treatment, should have followed the suggestions of the party most interested and most endowed with authority—the Pontiff himself! But, whatever faults may be found, it cannot be denied that much dignity, a fine adjustment of flowing draperies, and matronly beauty of a high order, distinguish this statue. Among the other sculptures, the "Moses" by Giacometti (an artist whose great merits have been recognised in Rome only within recent years) seems to me the finest: the head is veiled by a mantle, and shoots forth rays of glory—not the goat-like horns introduced in Michael Angelo's famous statue, but still, I think, a detail unsuitable to the marble; on the knee is held an open volume, inscribed with lines in Hebrew, which the inspired, lawgiver exhibits, and on the pedestal are the words, "Inimicitiam ponam inter te et mulierem;" the action and expression of the whole figure are grand, inspired, and venerable; on the countenance is a finely-blended character of mournfulness and indignation—the prophet-sorrow for the sins he denounces. "Isaiah," by Ravelli, is, I believe, the most generally admired of these statues; below is the prophecy, "Ecco virgo concipiet." In the act of writing, with veiled head and finely massive draperies, mantle and tunic, he seems to have just received the revelation uttered, and to wait with rapt attention for the sequel, looking upward round one shoulder. In the eyes of this figure the pupils are marked by incisions, which increases the expression of eagerness, but had better, I think, have been omitted. "Ezekiel" is by Chelli, with the quotation, "Porta hec clausa erit"—a prophecy he seems to announce, raising one arm, and bending forward in energetic action, to listening multitudes. The figure is finely draped; but its whole character I think too vehement for the solemn office of the personage. "David," by Tadolini, is striking the harp, crowned, and wearing a long mantle with a deep ornamental border; this epigraph beneath: "Sanctificavit tabernaculum suum Altissimus." This seems to me the least impressive and noble of the four statues—theatrical in gesture, and strained in the expression of the sentiment intended, but still (as, indeed, is the merit noticeable in all these works) distinguished by a well-studied and majestic character of draperies. The bas-reliefs represent: the Promulgation of the Dogma at St. Peter's, by Galli, with portraits of Pius IX., Cardinal Antonelli, and other dignitaries—only remarkable for the correctness of these likenesses on so small a scale; the Dream of Joseph, by Cantalamissa (a young artist of high promise), who has treated his subject with grace and feeling—an angel standing in the centre between the sleeping figures of Joseph and Mary, form the group; the Annunciation, Gianfredi, rather a common-place treatment of its exhausted theme; the Coronation of the Virgin, Benzoni, decidedly the most original and beautiful of all, resembling in conception the early representations of this subject by the most devotional painters of Italy, and in character the school of Overbeck. The Redeemer, enthroned amidst choirs of angels, appears placing the crown on the head of Mary, who is seated opposite, and meekly bends forward to receive her glorious reward. On the basement of the column are, at three sides, the armorial shield of the Pontiff, in bronze; and at the fourth side, an inscription recording the promulgation of the dogma, with dates, the name of Pius IX., and that of Poletti, the architect to whom the erection of this memorial was intrusted. Taken in the aggregate, these sculptures, when contrasted with the frigid extravaganzas, false feeling, and colossal flippancy of Italian statuary during the domination of the

Bernini school—indeed, till the beginning of the present century—certainly bear testimony of progress in everything that constitutes the exalted character or pertains to the true vocation of art. It is understood that of the large sums contributed from different countries and institutions for this erection a considerable overplus still remains in the hands of authorities. The only other work of sculpture recently erected in a public place here is by the artist Giacometti, whose merits I have already noticed—the “Ecce Homo,” a group including the figures of the Redeemer and Pilate, now standing in the atrium of the Scala Santa, as companion to the other much-admired group, the Betrayal of Our Lord by Judas, a work of the same hand, whose abilities are almost equally displayed in both.

SPAIN.

Estudios Filológicos: ó sea Exámen Razonado de las Dificultades principales de la Lengua Española. (“Philological Studies; or, a Critical Examination of the principal Difficulties of the Spanish Language.”) By MANUEL MARTINEZ DE MORENTIN, Professor of Spanish, &c., &c. London: Trübner and Co.

DURING the last half-century the study of the Spanish language has excited the attention of the scholar and the merchant more than it had done for the previous two centuries. The emancipation of the Spanish American colonies, and the immigration to this country of the exiled patriots of Spain, tended to link the two countries together, and to weaken those mutual prejudices which were the result of social and religious differences. The isolated position of Spain after the decline of her maritime supremacy, her great pride and exclusive religious intolerant spirit, which indulged in a mixture of ascetism, self-enjoyment, and the means of obtaining riches from her American colonies without much exertion, rendered her indolent and careless of the progress of other nations. Whilst devoting herself to religious processions and festivals, and the gaieties, pomp, and vices of the court, she became heedless of her downfall, and the chains that were being riveted on her neck by an overbearing and covetous priesthood, who held all in subjection, from the king to the peasant. At length, the rumours of the overthrow of dynasties in the neighbouring country, and the appearance of invading hosts, aroused the whole country; and from this awakening commences a new era in Spain. War was a stern tutor; and the intercourse of the foreigner cast the bandage away from the eyes of the people. The two armies of England and Spain could not shed their blood in common without creating mutual sympathy and driving away mutual prejudices. The name of an Englishman became honoured among Spaniards, and a feeling of sympathy for the iron-bound slave of priestcraft created among the English a desire for further intercourse. The author of these “Philological Studies” appears to have been one of the first to engage in the strife of battles; but, being of an independent mind, after serving his country during the Peninsular War, and endeavouring to free his countrymen from bigotry and despotism, seeing that the time had not yet arrived for Spain to cast off the thralldom of barbarism and ignorance, he threw aside the sword, and, preferring an honourable expatriation, dedicated himself to the teaching of his own language and literature. After five-and-twenty years’ practice, therefore, as a teacher, he produces the book which is now the subject of our review.

Those who have dedicated themselves to the study of the beautiful language of Spain know how perplexing is the use of the two verbs “*ser*” and “*estar*,” to be. They can perceive a distinction, and even may understand some of the niceties of the two verbs, especially when used to denote a casual and an inherent quality; but they are constantly perplexed and troubled about their proper use. They can get no help from grammars, native or foreign, and, in despair, neglect the subject; but our author, from his experience as a teacher, perceiving these difficulties, diligently sets to work to remove them, and proves, by a series of well-arranged examples, the distinction between these two verbs.

Professor Morentin also explains with great care some of the other peculiarities of the Spanish language, such as the difference between the prepositions “*por*” and “*para*” (*by* and *for*), and “*a*” (*to*); also the different tenses of the subjunctive mood, which perplex the student as much as our *shall* and *will* puzzle the foreigner; and he also treats of the important peculiarities of the Spanish

pronouns as compared with the English in a most lucid style, together with the distinction of the adjectives and the use of the diminutives and superlatives, which are so distinct from other languages.

But what seems most likely to interest the English student, and urge him forward in the cultivation of the beauties of the Spanish language, are the copious extracts (*piezas escogidas*) from the writings of the Spanish authors of the present century, together with the numerous historical notes of the most celebrated men of the present generation, which are affixed to most of the extracts. Here will be perceived the workings of the Spanish mind of our day to free itself from the chains of bigotry and tyranny; and the hope we may entertain that Spain will once more take its rank among the nations of the earth.

AMERICA.

The Song of Milkanwatha, translated from the original Feejee. By MARC ANTONY HENDERSON, D.C.L., Professor of the Feejee Language and Literature in the Brandywine Female Academy. Second Edition. Cincinnati: Tickell and Grinne. 12mo.

THE reader must be very dull of comprehension who has not already discovered from the bare title-page that the present is a *skit* arising out of Longfellow’s recent poem “*Hiawatha*.” Very clever and very humorous is this song of *Milkanwatha* (Milk-and-water). The Esthonian measure is well represented, and the audacious “D.C.L.” Henderson (Deuced Clever Lad) would have us to believe that Longfellow was indebted to a Feejee original for his story. “D.C.L.” is in error, as the story is popular among the Loo-Choo islanders. Let that pass. He evidently believes that there is more credit to be gained by slinging a stone against the forehead of a Goliath than against a nest of pismires, and certainly takes good aim. Longfellow’s exotic measure is admirably travestied; but the humour of the piece sometimes degenerates into the burlesque, and then the author becomes somewhat tedious. He dates from “*Clover Dell*,” which, in Cockney phrase, is all *gammon*; “second edition” on his title-page is *gammon*; and Tickell and Grinne, his publishers, are *gammon* likewise. The “*Song of Milkanwatha*” must be briefly told. It commences in *Hiawatha* manner:—

If an Individual person,
Say John Smith, or John Smith’s uncle,
Or some other friend of his’n,
Should propound to me the question,
Whence derived you these traditions?

John Smith, we are informed, expresses the idea of *man in the concrete*. To the question put, the Feejee poet makes answer:

I would speak up, I would tell him,
From the regions far beyond here,
From the mighty wildernesses
Where the Ninkumpoops inhabit,
Where the Noodles pitch their wigwams.

This was in the Island of Chaw-a-man-up, one of the Feejee group:

As I heard them, so I tell them,
Literatim et verbatim,
Just exactly as I heard them
From the mouth of Rumpalumpkin,
Him as played upon the bagpipes,
Played—and sang between the blowings.

This introductory specimen of the Feejee poet’s verses must convince the most innocent boarding-school girl who ever with her bread and butter consumed *Hiawatha*, that Longfellow is a most arrant plagiarist. Who was the Feejee Homer—this Rumpalumpkin?

And if John Smith, or his uncle,
Or some other friend of his’n,
Asked me, Who is Rumpalumpkin? . . .
I should speak up very quickly,
And reply to him in this way:
“In the valley of Mus-tug-gin,
That extremely verdant valley . . .
Played—and sang between his blowings—
Lived the minstrel Rumpalumpkin.”

This is no other than Longfellow’s *Nawadaha*, “the musician, the sweet singer,” who lived “in the vale of Tawasentha.” But now let us

Listen to the wondrous story,
To this song of Milkanwatha.

Milkanwatha, in Feejee, means Son of the Star, and his Avatar was in this wise. His mother, Kimo-Kairo (pretty Polly), dwelt high in the planet Venus, and

She was climbing up a plum tree,
Plum tree in the planet Venus,
Climbing with some other women.
When, alas, the branch she stood on
Cracked and snapped, because ’twas rotten,
Cracked and snapped off quite completely,

when the lady, who was *enceinte*, came tumbling down to earth, “head-foremost thro’ the evening,” and lighted “in the Plow-e-tup, the cornfield,” where she was delivered of the “real genuine Milkanwatha.” There they were both found next morning,

By the ancient nurse Marcossot.

Kimo-Kairo died through being exposed to the cold; but the nurse

found our hero
Very wide awake and kicking.

Marcossot had her wigwam on the banks of the Watta-puddel (the Rushing River).

Here Marcossot, ancient female,
Nursed the baby Milkanwatha;
Gave him porridge, gave him catnip,
Gave him pap and water gruel;
When he fretted, quickly hush’d him,
Saying, “Wild cat, scratch his eyes out;”
Saying, “Bulldog, bite his toes off;”
Put him fast asleep by humming
Hitta-ka-dink, my duck, my darling,
Who’s this with the funny snub-nose,
Snub-nose so uncommon snubby?
Hitta-ka-dink, my duck, my darling.

It is easy to see where Longfellow has borrowed “*Old Nokomis*,” who nursed the little *Hiawatha*, and who

Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
“Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!”
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
“Ewa-yea, my little owlet!”

Of Longfellow no more: let us proceed with *Milkanwatha*. As a child he was precocious, and bothered his nurse by putting questions to her, which she did not always answer in most veracious manner, generally telling him “a roarer.” Thus, *Milkanwatha*

Saw above him in the heavens,
The Aurora red and glowing—
Wondered what it was that did it—
Said, “What is that there, Marcossot?”
And Marcossot up an’ answered,
“Once an angry boy I know of,
Took and clutched his uncle To-bee,
Took and pitched him, in the evening,
Up into the starry heavens;
Right against the boulder pavement
Of the Milky-way he pitched him,
And his blood and brains went splashing
Over all the sky around there;
That’s what makes them spots upon it—
That is why it’s called Aurora.”

And such is an example of Marcossot’s natural philosophy. In the second canto we are told how *Milkanwatha* went a hunting with a blow-gun, and how he killed a squirrel. This was a childish feat, not at all to be compared with the feats of his early manhood. No wonder.

None were half as big as he was,
None were half as tall as he was,
None were half as strong as he was, &c.

Then—he would have been a favourite with Carlyle—

No one ever laughed so loudly,
As he laughed, when something funny,
Happened for to come across him;
Ever saw such sights as he did,
Ever thrashed so many rascals—

And, as a climax—

Ever kissed so many damsels,
Ever nursed so many children.

We are told, on the authority of Rumpalumpkin, that he could fire an arrow, and, so swift was he of foot, that he could overtake the arrow—“go right by it.” This was nothing to his skill in throwing stones—

He could take and throw a stone so,
Throw it right up over-head so,
At the moment when the sun set,
That it wouldn’t think of dropping,
Till the sun came up, next morning,
Till the Doodel-doo, the rooster,
Crowed the daylight up next morning.

Then he had leggins, Roota-ba-ga, magic boots, with which

He could step from here to yonder,
Step from here, ’way over yonder,
Step right up on the horizon,
And converse there with the full moon.

Then he had Clog-a-logs, boots of such strength, that, having therewith kicked “the constellation Thimbel-nubbin, or Big-Dipper,” he kicked it to such purpose, that he

Kicked a hole right in the bottom,
So that all the water ran through,
Which was put there for the Great Bear,
For to come and wash his feet in.

All the girls wished to have *Milkanwatha* for husband; but before taking unto himself a wife, he, prudently, took unto him friends. Two he had—

Sill-ninkum, the sweet piper,
And the very fat man, Bee-del.

The piper in his way was an Orpheus—

Him as was the best of pipers,
Him as piped as none else piped.
Sometimes he would set 'em laughing—
Set them all a-crying sometimes.
He could play so very softly
That the breezes stopped to hear him—
That the squirrels ceased to chatter.

But, of his friends, we like the fat man, Bee-del, better than the piper.

He was round and fat and lazy . . .
Didn't skate and didn't nothing . . .
'Cause he was of such a fatness—
'Cause his fatness grew upon him.

Bee-del's mother once reproved him on account of his lazy habits—

Always hanging round the wigwam,
Waddling round about the village.

When one fine morning he mounted a hill-side and began to roll, and

Rolled right onward, forward, downward—

His mother keeping watch the while,

Wondering when he'd stop a-rolling.

The fat boy rolled right round the world.

Nothing more was heard of Bee-del
For some months and something over.

At the end of this time his mother heard a rumbling, like a big stone tumbling downward, from the hill-top up above her; went and looked, and there came Bee-del:

Came the fat man, rolling, rumbling—
Came a-rolling toward the wigwam,
Came and rolled in through the back-door,
Rolled right up into the corner,
And remained rolled up in silence.

What Bee-del saw, heard, and learned in the course of his rumbling, tumbling tour, is told in a subsequent canto. Milkanwatha, meanwhile, falls in love. Descended from planet Venus, it was not unnatural that, like the angels of old, he should pay his addresses to one of the daughters of earth. Oft he was a thinking—

Thinking of his Pogee-Wogee,
Of his blue-eyed Sweet-Potato,
In the village of the Noodles.

But before he put on his magic "leggings," Roota-ba-ga, to hie away to the village of the Noodles, in quest of Sweet-Potato, his foster-mother Marcosset gives him sage advice. She wished him to have a serviceable wife:

Said Marcosset, "Don't you go, now,
For to get a girl to marry,
Knowing nothing whatsoever;
Bring one as can do clear-starching,
Sew, and knit, and run of errands,
And be generally useful.
That's the sort of girl to marry.

The story of his journey and wooing are circumstantially told. He arrived safe at home with Pogee-Wogee, his Sweet-Potato, and there were many brave doings at the bridal and bridal feast. They reached Chaw-a-man-up, on the banks of the Watta-puddel:

They arrived on Tuesday morning,
And were married Thursday evening;
All day Tuesday, old Marcosset,
Made her pies and preparations.

At the marriage-supper Silli-ninkum, the renowned piper, was called upon—

For to sing a song at parting;
And he came, the skilful piper,
Him as always was obliging.

His song was long and pathetic; but so long that we can give no more than one verse:

Oh, lor! when we left each other,
He presented me a thimble,
As a pledge a silver thimble—
Ouch! my sweetheart, my Bee-no-nee!

Bee-no-nee is Feejee for "my darling." But as no tale is perfect without having a rogue in it, so we are introduced to one Pa-pa-mama (Storm Fool), who resolved to serve out his ancient sweetheart, Pogee-Wogee. With this view he came to Watta-puddel—

Came with bitter thoughts inside him,
Came to be revenged on Pogee,
'Cause she had, in times departed,
When he ask'd her to be his'n . . .
Said with pitying glance but firmly,
'Never your'n, O Pa-pa-mama!
No," she muttered, "never his'n."

Pa-pa-mama arrived at Watta-puddel, while all the villagers were absent, having gone to the wigwam of Bee-del, the rolling traveller, to hear him tell of his adventures. The intelligent reader will recognise, in one of his stories, the Mississippi with its snags and steamboats.

He had seen, he said, a river,
Bigger than the Watta-puddel,
And so muddy too, said Bee-del,
That a spoon stands straight up in it!
And the people pointed slowly
Over the left shoulder, saying,
"Oh now, Bee-del, what a story,
Boo!" they said, "you're telling, Bee-del."

The steamboat is described as a huge sturgeon, with two hollow tusks, "straight and tall as is the pine tree," and with breath "so dark and dismal, dark as thunder-clouds in summer, darkening all the landscape over."

"Boo!" they said, "it's Bedel talking."

Then the freight:

On his back were huddled, shrinking,
Men and women pale and shrinking,
Pale-faced as the moon in winter;
Borne off by the fiery monster—
For the prey of him and his'n,
Borne off as the tiger swiftly
Bears his victim through the darkness . . .
And the people, winking, whisper'd,
"What a liar is our Bee-del!
Boo!" they said, "what lies he tells us."

While the villagers are thus occupied, Pa-pa-mama enters the wigwam of Pogee-Wogee.

With a mushy step he entered,
Turned the tables bottom upside,
Turned the chairs all upside downside,
Kick'd the boiling kettle over,
Piled the bed-clothes in the corner,
Crammed the bolster up the chimney,
For to trouble Pogee-Wogee,
For to make Marcosset angry;
After which he started homeward,
On his stealthy journey started.

Milkanwatha returned from Bee-del's, and discovered the confusion in his wigwam, and set off in pursuit of the Noodle.

"Not so long," said he, "his legs are,
But I'll catch this fellow quickly."

He overtook him in time to see him disappearing—"slowly sinking in a mud-hole, saw his head just going under," when he thus shouted: "Never more, O Pa-pa-mama! will you drop into our wigwam; you have dropped in once too often; turned the tables are for ever,

you have done your final dropping." Then the hole closed up for ever. The remainder of the story may be soon told. Milkanwatha becomes the patriarch of the village; but has the misfortune to lose his friend, the piper, who, skating upon the ice, fell through, and was carried away by the current of the Watta-puddel to the far-down country Ponce-rag-bag. His fat friend Bee-del shares a similar fate, subsequently, while bathing. Then his poor Pogee-Wogee is seized with the "chills and fever," and in spite of all the doctors—

Six in all, they came to see her;
Two and two they came together,
Came and march'd three times around her—

she died, is sewn up in a blanket, and committed reverently to the Watta-puddel. The hero is in deep grief:

"Float on down," said Milkanwatha,
"Float on down, my duck, my darling,
Very soon I'll follow after . . .
Float on, float; and keep a-floating."

Milkanwatha then addresses his people, and takes leave of them:

"Lo!" he told them, "I am going,
I am going, now, to leave you,
Going down the Watta-puddel,
To the region of the sun-set,
To the hole the sun drops into,
Over yonder red horizon."

He then enters his skiff, and descends the waters of Watta-puddel, and gains the far off land of Ponce-rag-bag, when,

Lo! an unexpected pleasure
Waited for him on the landing;
In her blanket wet and dripping,
Just as much alive as usual,
Stood there, smiling, on the landing,
Pogee—loveliest of Noodles.

Pogee-Wogee had been restored to life in consequence of the cold-water treatment she had been subjected to. A glorious idea now enters the mind of Milkanwatha. He sees what may be accomplished "by the plunge-bath and the blanket, by the use of *Hydropathy*," and addresses his wife:

We must go back, Pogee, darling,
Oh lor! to the place we come from;
We must hasten to our people,
And disclose to them this system,
Glorious system—*Hydropathy*.

But, before their departure,

There they found the Silli-ninkum,
And the fat man, Bee-del, also,
In the same mysterious manner
Rescued from the hand of danger.

In fact, the piper and the fat man owed their lives to the cold-water treatment; and the whole party return, happily, to Watta-puddel, where Milkanwatha

Told the grateful people
How to drive off all diseases,
By the plunge-bath and the blanket—
By the use of *hydropathy*.

Here the story ends, somewhat flatly, as all travesties must end. We read in a note, however that Milkanwatha, the hero of the legend and the founder of the system of *hydropathy* (about A.D. 13), now ranks among the highest of the Feejee divinities. His name is held religiously sacred, and he is always addressed as the "god of the psycho-pompous function."

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

FEW are aware, perhaps, when they take up an ordinary rule for measurement, what difficulties have presented themselves to those whose time has been occupied in endeavouring to produce a correct standard of measure. The subject has been submitted to scientific investigation, and a work has been lately published under the auspices of the Astronomer-Royal. At the fire that took place when the Houses of Parliament were burnt down on October 16th, 1834, among the losses that occurred on the occasion was that of the legal standard measure of the yard, which consisted of an old iron rod, not remarkable either for its appearance or even the possession of that quality for which it was especially intended, namely, exactness of measurement. Be that as it may, a Treasury commission was appointed in 1838, on purpose to devise some means for recovering the lost treasure, i.e., the lost measure. The report of this commission recommended the adoption of a material standard without

any reference to physical experiment; this recommendation was adopted, and led to the appointment of a second commission. Experiments were made on the fitness of different alloys, and hard bronze or gun metal was fixed upon as the best for standards. Experiments were made on the thermometrical expansion of different metals, and various bars were compared: the result was, that the old legal standard was, through a sensible range, indeterminate, and that the new standard must therefore be firm in its structure. Experiments were again carried on until the year 1855, and comparisons made of as many as seventy-two bars; at length the formation of end measure bars was determined upon and completed. The principle is this, as given in the Astronomer-Royal's account. "If two end bars have each a defining mark, almost equally distant, in the two bars, from the middle of its length, and if the two bars are placed end to end, the longer segment of the one touching the shorter segment of the other, the distance between the two lines can be compared by microscopes with

a line standard. If the contacts are now made by the other ends, a similar comparison can be made. If the two results are added together, we have a comparison of the sum of the entire lengths of the two end standards, with double the length of the line standard. This operation being performed so as to effect a comparison of the three pairs, which can be made from three end standards, the sum of each pair being compared with the double line standard, we have three simple equations from which the lengths of the three end standards can be deduced. The end bars are constructed of bronze, iron, or steel; but in all, the ends are agate, ground to the curvature of a large sphere, whose centre is the middle point of the bar. The lengths of three end bars, and of four iron or steel end bars, were determined by this process. The commission now made a final report; the new standard was legalised by Act of Parliament, which recognises the bar deposited at the Exchequer Office, numbered 1, as bearing the genuine standard of that measure of length called a yard. The Act also recognises four copies as

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available for the restoration of the standard in the event of loss.

At Point Barrow, on the shores of the Polar Sea, H.M.S. Plover was stationed from 1852 to 1854, for the purpose of relieving, if possible, Sir John Franklin's ships or crews. During seventeen months Capt. Maguire and his officers made hourly observations of the magnetic declinations, and of the concomitant auroral phenomena. These observations, reduced by General Sabine, have been lately presented to the Royal Society. The locality is one of the most important for such investigations. It was found that in regard to the frequency of the occurrence of the larger disturbances, and to the mean amounts of easterly and westerly deflection produced by them, the disturbances follow systematic laws, depending on the hours of solar time. The laws of the easterly and westerly disturbances were also found to be distinct and dissimilar. On comparing the disturbance laws at Point Barrow and Toronto, the laws of the deflections of the same name were found not to correspond; but there existed a remarkable correspondence between the laws of the easterly disturbances at Point Barrow and of the westerly at Toronto, and of the westerly at Point Barrow and easterly at Toronto—thus showing that the portion of the diurnal variation which depends upon the disturbances has opposite, or nearly opposite, characteristics at the two stations. On comparing the observations at Point Barrow and Toronto in the regular diurnal solar variation, the progression at the two stations is similar; while in the disturbance diurnal variation the progression is reversed—this contrariety being remarkable, as both variations appear to have the same exciting cause, the sun. Another important distinction between these phenomena of the solar diurnal and disturbance variations is the comparative magnitude of their range—the disturbing force being much greater at Point Barrow than at Toronto, suggesting the question, By what physical or other condition is the locality distinguished at which the disturbing force is a maximum? In correspondence with the amount of disturbing force at Point Barrow is the frequency of the concomitant auroral manifestations, greatly exceeding any previous record. From the observations furnished by Capt. Maguire, the aurora has for the first time been treated in the same way as the corresponding and connected phenomena of the magnetic disturbances—the increase and decrease being both continuous progressions, with only slight occasional interruptions. On comparing the frequency of the aurora at the different hours with the amounts of easterly and westerly disturbances, an approximation towards accordance is perceived with the amount of westerly deflections; but the auroral hours appear to have nothing in common with the turning hours, or the progression of the easterly deflection.

ARCHITECTURE.

REPORT ON ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

New Government Offices.—On one sheet of the *Illustrated London News* for 3rd Oct. 1857 are represented four designs. The first, by J. E. Rothead, obtained a third prize of 300*l.* Except that it exhibits the truncated pyramidal roof on its end compartments, to the injudicious deterioration of the centre, which has them not, it is an elevation of two or more storeys of the Venetian classic, mounted on a severely simple rusticated basement of the Pitti Palace kind. A compartment of two pairs of coupled columns inclosing the arched window, &c., of the Library of St. Mark, is continuously repeated along the two or three ranges above the basement; and so far, a vast frontage is highly enriched, without much invention or trouble. The numerous breaks will give much effect to the foreshortened perspective view, and the general aspect cannot be otherwise than imposing. But central importance is wanting—not only in respect to the entire front—but in reference to the central part of the central portion. The range dwindles in emphasis from each end to the middle; and the portal in the latter is less declaratory than those near the extreme of the wings. The mouth is less expressive than the "porches of the ears;" this should not be.

A fourth prize of 200*l.* has been awarded to the design of Messrs. Deane and Woodward; which in the description is called Gothic, simply because its arches are pointed, or cusped, with occa-

sionally something more. But the whole is rather of Saracenic than Christian character, with sundry Venetian Ruskinisms leaving it a non-descript to compete with the design by Mr. Scott. The illustration presents, in military parlance, a "solid square," as free from breaks as the Doge's Palace, and varied only by the clustering of its windows in any number from nine to two. The plinth is of uncommon beauty, the details refined, the sculptures profuse (see *Builder*, 3rd Oct. 1857), and the inlays abundant. Looking at twenty feet square of it at a time, it may be as interesting as a museum; but retire till detail is obscure in the distance, and what is there to recommend it beyond what tells in any extended row of common houses, having the same amount of decoration, though less *récherché* in taste? At no very remote point of view the building would look—though not "stale"—"flat and unprofitable."

A fifth prize of 100*l.* was assigned to the design by Mr. Bellamy. Omitting the spikes, which seem to emulate the Gothic pinnacle, this has an elegant façade, towards which the Banqueting-room of Whitehall contributes a hint—the main difference in the general composition being the application of pilasters to the basement, and arched (instead of square) windows to the second storey. The central feature is here boldly prominent; but it is a question whether an open portico of coupled columns would not be better, at the lower projection, than the close arched porch. It would, at all events, have given variety. We would also submit, whether the buttress projection, which divides the wing into two lengths of five and four windows, would not have been the better for more marked distinction, giving only three windows to the outer, and six to the intermediate compartment; and we also feel that the central composition would be improved by having the front columns coupled at the angles. Taking it as it is, however, we may regard it altogether as a successful adaptation of the Italian classic.

The next design (which won also a fifth premium of 100*l.*) is the first Greek design we have had to notice, for the very subordinate use of the arch is a qualification perhaps scarcely admissible in connection with the Athenian simplicity of the rest. The one grand order cannot be otherwise than most impressive in its magnitude and extended range; but, is there not a temple-ostentation in such a colonnade as applied to a place of business? Does it not rather resemble a gallery of art? Does not the unbroken continuity of the entablature produce an effect of horizontality even to lowness and flatness? Do we not here require the central and pedimented portico? It is far better than the entirely monotonous museum at Berlin; but it lacks the scenic variety and relief of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Be its merit what it may *per se*, we feel at all events that this design is not, either in its style or character, fitted for the purpose or the place; though we could be well content to see such a building so improved upon as to make it worthy of the site of Wilkins's National Gallery. Of course here, as elsewhere, there may be merits in *plan* which have justly weighed with the judges, who, so far as we have yet seen, seem to have sought to do abstract justice to all parties.

In the *Builder* for Sept. 5, 1857, we have a view of St. Mark's Church, Wrexham, North Wales. Now, Wrexham contains, in its parish church, and particularly in the tower thereof, one of the "wonders of Wales;" and, therefore, in a Welshman's idea, one of the wonders of the world. It is, at all events, a very showy specimen of Gothic art, with pinnacles that would make steeples for ordinary parish churches. Mr. Kyrke Penson's design for St. Mark's appears to have a good sample of the plain broach steeple; and, doubtless, it exhibits other merits, which other views would develop; but we are to suppose the architect was, in the general character of the new church, rather stimulated by the spirit of judicious contrast than of ambitious emulation. The perspective before us illustrates the passion for quaint clustering which distinguishes his school; and, but for the said steeple, the tracery of its windows, and of the little holes which light its clerestory, we should regard it as representing a very picturesque medley of farm-buildings. The *plan*, however, seems to indicate that we are rather commenting on the back premises than on the principal aspect; and we will therefore suppose, had we the more important presentment, we should have much to say in its favour.

The *Philological School*, New-road, Marylebone,

illustrated by the *Builder* of 17th October 1857, indicates the grammar (so far as art is concerned) in which the students are likely to be initiated. The view involves a picturesque assemblage of forms, and may be regarded as one of the "lot" of "Scott," wherein the truer characteristics of Gothic design are somewhat subdued to modern fancy, or, at least, to fancies not formerly current in England. The cry about "English art" is, at all events, modifying its tone; and this is a movement of questionable policy. We will, as Goths, speak of our regret at seeing such a tendency to make inlay supply the place of cut moulded work. The window-jamb, mullions, transoms, and tracery are becoming more meagre in the call for plenty of glass; and superficial adornment is supplied to make up for the loss of effective breadth of face and depth of reveal. Still, we beg to state our appreciation of the taste exhibited by the architects, Messrs. Habershon, and to express our hope that they will consider the term "philological" as of more truly catholic significance than can be expressed by any phase of mediæval Gothic design.

We turn, with pleasure, to the elevation (given in the *Builder* of 10th October 1857) of the *Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylum*, Wandsworth, Mr. Hawkins, architect. He has turned even his gutters and water-trunks to account, though he seems to have got rid of the water from between his dormers by some means invisible. But we have here the charm of perfect symmetry, and the most admirable relative adjustment, both in the forms and proportions of the component parts. The front is a finished specimen of Anglo-Scotch Gothic; the centre finely composed in pyramidal arrangement, and the justly-proportioned wings well terminated by their towers. Judging by what we see of the back features, and from the plan, we may congratulate our country on a piece of good architecture in the strictest sense of the word; i.e. a building wherein we see no affectations as to the picturesque beauties of accident, with the loving carelessness which admits them; but in which careful design has arranged all things within a block plan and elevations of the strictest symmetry. Ictinus himself would pause before such a handsome, simple structure as this, and pronounce it good. The only question we entertain refers to the application of slight breaks downward from the inside lines of the wing towers, and from the outside lines of the two compartments which flank the central bay windows and porch; or, in lieu thereof, we might suggest the carrying down the water-trunks in the same position. It may be, however, that Mr. Hawkins aimed at pyramiding the central compartment down to the ground, whereby the same arrangement with respect to the outer towers is enforced. No doubt there is a certain beauty in the present disposition, highly favourable to breadth and simplicity; and we almost feel inclined to pass our pen through the question we have raised. The plan indicates a chapel and two cloistered courts. If there have been allowed means for carrying these out in a style commensurate with the front elevation, the building must be not only "worth seeing," but "worth going to see."

ART AND ARTISTS.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

DURING the vacation some important additions have been made to the national collection. The most conspicuous of them is the great picture by Paul Veronese, of which the public has already heard something. This work has been acquired at the price of 14,000*l.*, a sum which sounds large; but this time our art-purveyors have really succeeded in making a satisfactory purchase, and we may rest satisfied in possessing as fine a specimen of the great Venetian colourist as any that exists. The subject is the interview, after the battle of Issus, between Alexander and the family of the vanquished Darius. The queen mother, Sisymbria, is asking pardon of the conqueror for a slight blunder which the captives had made on their first introduction—they had mistaken Hephæstion for Alexander. The conqueror, with perfect politeness, assures the queen that there was no mistake, for that Hephæstion was another Alexander. The painter has had little regard to the proprieties of costume, and those niceties of historic detail upon which the moderns pride themselves. He has painted a group of Venetian lords and ladies of his own period, in the armour and dresses

in which they were wont to appear. The faces and figures are not idealised; the artist has, in fact, introduced the various members of the Pisani family, for whom the work was painted. What is it that makes this one of the most striking pictures in the world? Principally, no doubt, the brilliancy and variety of the colours, so artfully harmonised as to be perpetually pleasant to the eye; the transparency of the atmosphere to the left of the picture, and the apparent luminosity of the sky, are wonderful effects of art. Although, however, this mere physical gratification be the basis of the charm of this picture, it is not without some higher excellencies. There is a dignity and spaciousness about the whole affair, the reflection of the grandeur of the Venetian aristocracy, which, in the hands of an inferior painter, would have become vulgar pomposity. Compare this work with some of the pictures meant to celebrate the doings of the Grand Monarque. It is not the work of a vulgar flatterer, but of one who had a fellow-feeling with the haughty nobles of his country, and loved to display them in all their finery and luxury, but without the least thought of representing them as more than mortal.

It is worth while to compare this noble picture with the last one bought as a work of Paul Veronese, "The Adoration of the Magi." Those who wish to learn practically the difference between an original and a copy, or, what is nearly the same thing, an original which has been subjected to vigorous restoration (*stark restaurirt*, Dr. Waagen would say), may do so by observing the difference there is between these two pictures. "The Magi" may originally indeed have been from the hand of Veronese—there seems historical evidence of that—and the design is undoubtedly his; but the brilliancy and lustre which keep the eye chained to the other picture are wanting here. The figures have all lost their animation, and look shabby, in spite of their finery.

"The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," by Antonio Pollajuolo, is another acquisition of great importance. Pollajuolo was born in Florence in 1430, and studied under the great Lorenzo Ghiberti, whom he assisted in modelling the gates of the Baptistery of Florence. The present work was painted in 1475, the year when Michael Angelo was born. The saint is seen bound to the trunk of a tree, and already pierced with several arrows. Four of the executioners are in the foreground, two shooting with bows, and two stooping and charging their cross-bows. Two others are behind in the act of shooting. The drawing of these figures is particularly fine. The shooting figure behind to the right is admirable. The face of the saint, which is so near the top of the picture as to lead us to think that a part of the canvass has been cut away, is full of expression—of resignation and hopefulness. Not the least remarkable part of the picture is the extensive landscape behind. Faded and brown as are the colours now, enough may still be seen to show that the artist had an eye for the beauties of natural scenery, by no means common among the early Italian painters, whose landscapes are often little more than hieroglyphical symbols. Here, however, we have mountains, trees, and other natural objects painted with uncommon attention to accuracy of representation. The windings of the river between wooded banks are charmingly represented. The artist evidently took the highest pleasure in these objects, and was not content with merely indicating them. When we recollect that Pollajuolo had assisted in the making of those wondrous Baptistery gates, we can understand how this taste of his for nature received cultivation.

Another fine example of the old Florentine school is the work of Filippino Lippi, the younger painter of that name. It represents the Virgin and Child, and St. James and St. Dominick in adoration. A rocky wooded landscape is behind, very conventional in character, and now very brown, as, indeed, is the whole picture. The faces, though somewhat hard, are still full of expression. The countenance of the Virgin seems intended to indicate a mixture of joy and sadness—presentiment of the troubles to come—yet without a wish to shrink. Altogether this is a very fine and thoughtful picture, and much more full of matter than the majority of these singular dreams are. On the predella below are some small figures beautifully designed—the central one, Joseph of Arimathea, supporting the body of the Saviour, is particularly fine.

St. Jerome in the Desert, kneeling before a

crucifix, is the work of Cosimo Rosselli, born at Florence 1439. Two saints are in compartments on each side. Beneath kneel Girolamo Ruccellai and his son, of small size compared with the other figures, but perhaps the best part of the picture. St. Jerome we take to have undergone much restoration, as well as the attendant saints. On the predella beneath are some grotesque incidents in the life of St. Jerome and other saints. In one he appears shaking hands with a lion in the most friendly way.

A circular picture, by Sandro Botticelli, is a good pendant to one by the same artist, acquired a year or two ago—not, however, equal in merit. It is richer in colour, but less effective on the whole. The physiognomies are the same, having a sentimental expression verging on affectation. The child is an unhappy conception; the painter has so managed it as to recall the pagan representations of an infant Bacchus.

A small portrait, by John Van Eyck, has been picked up at Munich. It is apparently genuine, though inferior in condition to the portrait previously in the possession of the nation. The exquisite fineness of touch which distinguishes the latter is wanting in the newly-acquired work. It has probably received some restoration. The face is like that of a Chinese, with very high cheekbones; the dress dark red, with a green head-covering. There is an inscription beneath, with the French words, "Leal Souvenir," and the date 1432. Oct. 10, with the name of John de Eyck, plainly written in Gothic characters. A copy on copper, without the inscriptions, exists at Bergamo, and is inscribed to Pontorno. Does this offer any ground for concluding the inscriptions to be apocryphal?

The last and least acquisition is a small portrait of a young lady in early German costume, by Lucas Cranach. The dress is red, with slashed and puffed sleeves, and she wears a gold chain and a necklace. Whatever we may think now of the costume and features of this primitive damsel, the painter evidently thought her a great beauty, and she was doubtless the belle of her day and town. This picture was purchased at the sale at Alton Towers. It is a very fair specimen of the manner of the Lutheran painter.

EXHIBITION OF DESIGNS FOR THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT AT WESTMINSTER HALL.

(Concluded from p. 425.)

No. 36, "Past Avar." A monument of which the printed catalogue sold at the door of the hall speaks in terms of high praise, which we are unable to indorse. It represents a pyramidal mausoleum, with a statue of the Duke at top, a sarcophagus inside, and an angel, with finger on lip, closing the bronze gate, and leaving a British lion to keep guard over it. The artist's own description is: "The Angel of Death completes the tale, the gates are closed, the warrior and statesman has passed away, and History writes his deeds." But in his monument we want an embodiment of the tale which death has completed; and we don't want a mausoleum in the midst of St. Paul's.

No. 37. A statue in court costume holding the sword of state, stands on a plain pedestal, round which are grouped allegorical figures; the base upon which all this is placed is ornamented with bas-reliefs, representing the principal events in the Duke's career. Simple, well designed, and well executed; but we must take leave to doubt whether the figure of the Duke in civil costume, with the state sword, does really convey in the best manner the idea which doubtless the artist designed to convey, that this was he who wielded the sword of England.

No. 38. A mausoleum, whose walls are covered with portraits of his generals, contains a sarcophagus with an effigy on its lid; on the top of the mausoleum is another statue of the Duke.

No. 39. A statue of the Duke, with his generals at the corners of the base; it has the merit of reality, but is not a good composition.

No. 40. "New England." An architectural pediment, in front of which stands Wellington, with his generals arranged in two threes on each side of him: a niche in the pediment just behind the central figure gives it prominence and dignity. Upon the pediment is a sarcophagus; and in front of the sarcophagus, over the Duke, is a Victory. At the back is a representation of Napoleon at St. Helena. We don't much like this introduction of Napoleon; otherwise the simplicity and common sense of this design, amidst such a cloud of unmeaning allegorical trumpery, attracts one's liking.

No. 41. "A very elaborate and ornamental work," which nevertheless we should not select for the monument.

Nos. 42 and 43, appear, from their general similarity of design, to be by the same hand: they are both allegorical designs of average excellence.

No. 44. A Britannia, the principal figure, is sending forth the Duke to battle, who is attended by War and Victory.

No. 45. A poor design of Wellington, attended by Peace and the British lion, with four small corner figures, standing on a base ornamented with bas-reliefs.

No. 46. Statue of the Duke on a pillar, round which are four standing figures; the whole on a pediment, which is supported by four British lions couchant.

No. 47. The Duke on a pedestal, and two ensigns behind hold banners to make a background to the statue, and a British lion is dozing on each side. The base is hollowed into a kind of shed in front, under which the Duke and his staff, in alto-relievo, seem to be taking shelter.

No. 48. A triumphal arch, with sarcophagus beneath it, and statue of the Duke at top.

No. 49. A statue on pedestal, which is surrounded by a quartette of nymphs, linked to one another by garlands, and reminding one rather of a scene in a ballet; Fame, British lions, &c. &c.

50. An honest, sensible, and well executed design. A bronze equestrian statue of the Duke on a pediment, surrounded by his chief generals as mourners.

51. A Corinthian column, surmounted by a statue, not of the Duke, but of Victory. The Duke stands in front, attended by a pair of allegories. A poor design.

52. The Duke has his left foot planted—in such an attitude as statue never planted its foot before—on a cannon; and Britannia is crowning him.

53. An odd design. The front of the pediment represents the Duke writing his despatches in alto-relievo; above is a full length statue—probably by the same artist as 47.

54. Duke seated, on pedestal; allegorical figures and bas-reliefs.

55. An equestrian statue, with a group of allegories clustered behind, and a Victory at top.

56. A quiet and good design. The Duke seated, on a pedestal; four seated allegories around it.

57. A design of considerable merit, consisting of a group of allegorical figures, surmounted by a good statue of the Duke.

58. A black marble sarcophagus standing on pillars, and on its lid an effigy of the Duke in his dual robes; four soldiers kneel at the corners. Not a bad adaptation of the famous monument in Westminster Abbey.

59. A poor piece of sentiment.

60 is an alternative design, slightly varied, with 57.

61. A poor series of pictures of ill-chosen scenes in the life of the great dead.

62. A figure of the Duke, surrounded by allegorical figures; among them "Grand Britannia" in a night dress.

63. Duke in uniform, seated; allegories of Peace and Plenty on each side of the pedestal; the whole group mounted on a square base, whose plinth and cornice are enriched with triumphal processions, &c. of troops; and on the plinth around the base stand groups of his principal officers.

64. A tomb, with bas-reliefs and incongruous figures, which are about as badly modelled as possible. They remind one of the pottery about the time of Queen Anne.

65. The architectonic arrangement is not bad. The square base is divided by couples of Cupids into panels, which contain medallions inscribed with the names of the Duke's victories; allegorical figures sit at the four corners; in the middle is a short column, on which stands the Duke, supported by two figures, which represent Peace and War. The striking faults of the design are, that the allegorical figures are only very pretty young ladies; and the figure of the Duke is that of a good-looking, curly-haired, well-dressed military *petit-maitre*, with a delicate hand and an artificial pose.

66. Wellington is returning his sword to Justice; attendant genii, with terrestrial and celestial crowns; and other allegorical groups. A good design, well executed; but, as in many others of these designs, the Duke is rather subordinate, and overpowered by the more effective and nearer groups of the base.

67. A very queer design, "surmounted by a seated figure of the Duke, in the costume of a F.M., in repose"—the first time he ever was so when on duty.

68. A kind of temple or mausoleum, domed, with a gilt angel at the top; niches in the sides, in which are sculptured groups; the Duke, and angels crowning him. A design of considerable merit.

69. A figure of the Duke as a Roman general, attended by Victory; very ugly, with strange unnatural expression in the faces.

70. A mausoleum, with a medallion of the Duke, young ladies, and little boys.

71. A Doric tomb; above it allegorical figures, surmounted by a statue of the Duke; at the angles of the base four other allegorical figures. A design equal to the average of those exhibited.

72. Wellington sheathing his sword, on a low pedestal, attended by Britannia and Victory. Quite equal to the average.

73. Wellington in a morning dress, holding a sword, looking very ill, and bandaged round the forehead, attended by two nurses (Wisdom and Fortune the artist calls them). A British lion lying down on the

base appears equally ill. Four allegorical figures round the base, with bits of tinsel about them.

74. A scattering of allegorical ladies round the base; the Duke standing on his own sarcophagus at the top.

75. Wellington surrounded by Britannia, God of War, History, Erin, a Guardsman, a Highlander, and two Irish foot-soldiers. Britannia is a likeness of the Queen.

76. Poor design, badly arranged.

77. A column surmounted by a statue.

78. A recumbent effigy beneath an arch, on which Victory lays a wreath. Four allegorical corner figures.

79. An elaborate but not very harmonious design. In front, we see the statue of the Duke at the top, sitting between two allegorical ladies (Victory and Peace); on the pedestal below we see bas-reliefs of the Duke standing between two ditto ditto; and over them a flight of four Cupids with wreaths of flowers. At the back we see the backs of the Duke and his attendant allegories, and on the pediment a very startling charge of men at arms in fifteenth-century armour, all charging in the same direction (towards the spectator), but fighting among themselves; with a flight of three renaissance Cupids above, with festoons of flowers. Modern Duke—renaissance Cupids—medieval men-at-arms—and pagan personifications.

80. The Duke in uniform leaning on his sword, standing on a plain octagonal pedestal, round which stand four allegorical figures—Valour, Wisdom, Duty, and Peace; and the ends of the base are lengthened to receive two groups, and representing the results—peace and war; has reliefs of battles on the two faces of the base. Among the quietest and best of the designs.

81. A man standing beside a horse on a plain base.

82. A statue with two allegories.

83. A renaissance sarcophagus with allegorical figures reclining upon it and grouped around it, surmounted by the Duke attended by Victory and Peace. Of average excellence—reminds one considerably of some of the compositions in Westminster Abbey.

And now that we have gone through the whole series of designs, and declared again that there is not one of them which seems to us to be worthy of the occasion, and entered our protest against the actual erection of any one of them, we wish to ask one question in conclusion. There was a magnificent ceremonial on the occasion of carrying the body of the great Duke to its last resting-place; and we are going to erect a sumptuous monument to mark the place where it reposes. In the mean time where is it? When the "curious traveller,"—with his mind full of remembrances of that gorgeous funeral train, and his sensorium crowded with the Westminster allegories, by which England tried, and is trying, to show the most elaborate and studied respect to the ashes of her illustrious son—goes to St. Paul's, and asks to see the tomb of "the Duke," he has first to pay 6d.; and then he is taken into the crypt, and shown a shell of rough unplanned deal boards, rudely nailed together, and is told that between the funeral and the monument, the Duke is meantime there. We suppose that the outer coffin, with its velvet and gold, is thus secured from dust and injury until its sarcophagus is ready. But surely a little of the reality of that elaborate respect which we profess in funeral pomp and monumental sculpture, ought to have dictated a more seemly temporary provision than this; and when there were 25,000*l.* to spare from the expenses, the cost could have been no obstacle. It will be many months yet before the monument is ready. Would it not be fitting, even now, to make some kind of substantial framework, like the medieval herse, to lay the coffin in; and to throw over it a decent pall, with a shield and ducal coronet, or some such device, upon it?

Since the above remarks were written the judges have given their awards, and the names of the successful competitors have been published. The first premium, of 700*l.*, is allotted to No. 80, which is the work of Mr. W. Calder Marshall, Esq., R.A. The second premium, of 500*l.*, to No. 56, the work of Mr. W. F. Woodington. The third premium, of 300*l.*, to No. 36, to Mr. Edgar G. Papworth. The fourth premium, of 200*l.*, to No. 10, the work of M. Cav. Giovanni Dupré, of Florence. And five premiums of 100*l.* each are given to five designs, which are bracketed as equal, viz., to No. 12, the work of MM. Mariano Folcini and Ulisse Cambi, of Florence; No. 18, the work of Mr. Alfred Stevens; No. 20, the work of Mr. Matthew Noble; No. 21, the work of Herr Ernest Julius Hahnel, of Dresden; and No. 63, the work of Mr. Thomas Thorneycroft. The judges remark: "We have thus endeavoured to adjudicate the prizes we have been instructed to distribute in the order which appeared to us to be that of the relative degrees of merit in the models, such models falling within the prescribed conditions as to the space to be occupied and the cost to be incurred. In so doing we have not considered ourselves bound to take into exclusive consideration the peculiar fitness and adaptation to that spot in St. Paul's Cathedral which appears to be in contemplation for the erection of the proposed monument, which consideration might possibly have led to some difference in the selection. We cannot at the same time forbear suggesting that, before any design is

finally adopted by the Government, it should be desirable, considering the peculiarity of the situation contemplated, and that it essentially differs from that of all the other monuments now existing in the Cathedral, the opinion of some experienced artists should be called for, who would be better judges of the local effect than we consider ourselves to be; more especially as Mr. Cockerell, the only one of the appointed judges professionally connected with the arts—though we have derived from him valuable assistance and information in the progress of the examination—has declined, on that account, taking a part in the ultimate decision. We may be permitted to add that it is with much regret that we have found ourselves precluded from admitting into the competition some of the models, from the circumstance of their having exceeded the limits as to space distinctly laid down in the prescribed conditions." The judges who sign the report are Lord Lansdowne, Dean Milman, Lord Overstone, Mr. Cust, and Mr. Gladstone.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE Duke of Wellington has again granted to the public access to the art treasures in Apsley House. The rooms which were ordinarily inhabited by the late Duke are not exhibited.—The meetings of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery in Great George-street, Westminster, will soon be resumed, and the pictures will be made accessible to the public.—On Wednesday, the 14th inst., the statue of the national poet, "Tom Moore," was inaugurated in Dublin. It is placed looking towards the side of the Bank of Ireland, and has Trinity College on its left.—The removal of the treasures of art collected at Manchester has progressed rapidly. The Soulaiges collection is to be removed to the Royal Institution at Manchester for exhibition during the winter, with some contributions from the Department of Science and Art at Kensington, from the Bernal, and from other collections. The picture by Wallace—"the Death of Chatterton"—so popular among a numerous class of visitors to the Art Treasures Exhibition, has been much coveted by some of the local collectors of pictures, and one of them is understood to have attempted to open a negotiation with Mr. Augustus Egg, the present owner, more than once for the purchase of it. Mr. Egg, however, is understood to have declined to part with it at any price. He is said to have purchased it for 100 guineas, and the gentleman above alluded to was prepared to give 1000 guineas for it.

The handsome statue in white marble of the Empress Josephine, which was exhibited during the summer in the grand nave of the Palace of Industry at Paris, has been removed to Havre for shipment to Martinique, the birthplace of the Empress, where it is to be erected.—We (*Galignani*) have already mentioned that the Emperor had desired M. Horace Vernet to represent on canvass some striking feature at the camp at Chalons. The subject that has been chosen is the grand charge of cavalry which took place in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge. A painting representing a general view of the camp, as seen from the heights of the Imperial tent, has also been commanded of Horace Vernet, but it is destined not for Versailles, but for St. Cloud.—A statue of Leonardo da Vinci is about to be set up at Milan, and it is estimated that it will cost nearly 2000*l.*—The Emperor of Austria has presented five hundred florins to the town of Bassano, for the beautifying and restoring the church of San Vito in the city.

Ludwig Richter has completed twelve woodcuts illustrating Schiller's Song of the Bell, and he promises a lithographed sketch-book of instruction in drawing.—A private letter from Dresden says:—"An English artist named Ross has created quite a sensation here by the successful way in which he has copied several of the pictures in the gallery, particularly the celebrated 'Magdalen' of Correggio. The last picture is considered the gem of the gallery, and the German artists admit that our countryman's copy is the best that has ever been made.—"The square of the Temple at Paris," says the *Pays*, "will very shortly be completely finished. According to the formally-expressed intentions of the Emperor, the Municipal Council intends erecting a bronze statue of the unfortunate monarch who underwent, in the building from which the square takes its name, such a cruel captivity under the reign of terror."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

Resurgam has been the fulfilled motto of Covent Garden Theatre, and, as our readers know, Mr. Gye intends to carry on the tradition. The Opera-house, which has now been commenced for Mr. Gye, is to occupy a portion of the site of the old theatre, and that of several houses at the rear. The remainder of the site will be devoted to the purposes of a flower-market, although the design is not yet fully decided on. The portico (hexastyle, Corinthian) faces towards Bow-street, and we believe it is not intended to complete this portion of the work until after next season. The grand entrance is under the portico, the

lower story of which will be used as a carriage-porch, inclosed with glass, while the upper portion will be available as a promenade, in connection with the Crush Room. Entrances to the gallery, upper boxes, and stalls, are in Hart-street, but the pit, boxes, and stalls can likewise be approached by the grand entrance. An entrance to the theatre will be also provided through the flower-market, and a balcony is contemplated, to overlook the latter, in case it should be thought desirable to use it as an adjunct to the theatre. Her Majesty's private entrance will be in Hart-street, by a separate staircase, anteroom, &c. A private entrance and staircase for the Duke of Bedford will also be provided. There are separate staircases to the various parts of the house, and well-holes and winders are avoided in every case. All stairs and corridors are to be fire-proof. The supports of the boxes are to consist of wrought-iron cantilevers, resting on cast-iron columns at the back of the boxes. The house will be larger than that destroyed by fire, and will be so constructed that the stage and the auditory can be thrown together whenever desired for banquets or balls. The accommodation generally will be on a more liberal scale than in the old house, and each tier will possess retiring-rooms, and other conveniences. The roof is to be of wrought-iron, covered with slab slate; the floor girders will be also of wrought-iron. The ceiling of boxes and auditory will be formed of fireproof fibrous material; and the wood, which will be very sparingly employed, is, we understand, to be rendered fireproof by a process belonging to the lessee, Mr. Gye. The works are rapidly progressing, the walls being nearly up to the ground level. Mr. Edward M. Barry, of Old Palace-yard, is the architect, and Messrs. Lucas (brothers) the contractors. Messrs. H. and M. D. Grissell are the sub-contractors for the iron work, which forms a large portion of the contract. Let us add that the bas-reliefs under the portico, and the statues on each side of it, are the well-known works of Flaxman, from the old theatre. It is fully intended that the theatre shall be opened next season; and we cordially wish Mr. Gye that full measure of success that the skill, taste, energy, and liberality with which he has so long catered for the gratification of the public, so well deserve.—*Builder*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

ON Wednesday evening week Mr. Hullah commenced his annual series of monthly concerts in St. Martin's-hall. The oratorio selected for performance on the occasion was Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."—A series of photographs to be used with the stereoscope has just been published by Mr. Laroche, of Oxford-street, in remembrance of the splendid "revival" of "Richard III." at the Princess's Theatre. Their number is thirteen, and so judiciously have the subjects been selected, that portraits of all the principal actors are presented to the eye with a reality that would have been utterly unattainable a few years ago.—Lablache is at Naples. His health is still delicate.—Mlle. Rachel remains alarmingly ill at Canores. She recalled to her medical attendants the other day an incident of the period of her greatest triumphs. She was playing *Phédre*, and the Bey of Tunis critically said of her at the end of the piece, "She has a soul of fire in a body of gauze." It was with a melancholy sigh that she remarked to her doctor, "Alas! he was right; and now you see that the fire has destroyed the gauze."

LITERARY NEWS.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE is engaged in a translation of Homer's "Iliad" into English verse.—The Conway papers have been placed for public use in the State Paper Office. This act was the last of Mr. Croker's life.—Mr. Murray announces for publication, in two volumes, "Letters, Despatches, and other Documents relating to India, by Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington," edited by the present Duke. These papers have not been hitherto published, and have been only discovered since the Duke's death, and subsequent to the publication of the Wellington despatches, edited by Colonel Gurwood.—It is announced from Paris that the "Memoirs" of M. Guizot are to be published in January next. They will throw great light on the men and things of the period of 1830 and 1848.

The *Leicestershire Mercury* says: "We are very glad to hear that Lord Palmerston, in consideration of Mr. S. H. Bradbury's (Quallon's) talent as a poet, has thought proper to grant him a pension of 50*l.* a year. Mr. Bradbury is now on the staff of the *Leicester Advertiser*."—Lord Brougham will shortly visit Liverpool, to inaugurate the newly-formed Queen's College.—Mr. Layard has set out for India on a tour of inquiry.—Mr. Inglis, Dean of Faculty, has been installed as Lord Rector of King's College and University, Aberdeen.—The election of a Clinical Professor at Oxford, to fill the place of the late Dr. Ogle, took place on Tuesday. There was a large attendance of non-residents, and after three hours' polling the votes were declared—For Dr. Acland, 470; Dr. Jackson, 222. Majority, 248.—On Friday evening week Dr. Livingstone addressed a large audience in the

Town-hall, Birmingham. A resolution was carried for a committee to bring before the town of Birmingham the best way of aiding Dr. Livingstone.

—Professor Agassiz, of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., has been offered by Louis Napoleon the Professorship of Paleontology at the Museum of Natural History in Paris, made vacant by the death of M. d'Orbigny. The Professor, says the *Boston Courier*, has declined this flattering offer, being unwilling to sever the ties which bind him to the United States. —W. H. Poulton, Esq., B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, was on Saturday, October 17, elected Mathematical tutor of Queen's College, Birmingham. —In a Convocation held at Oxford on Thursday, Count Aurelio Saffi was unanimously re-appointed Italian teacher in the Taylor Institution, for a period of five years.

On Thursday Messrs. Southgate and Barrett, at their auction-rooms, Fleet-street, concluded the sixth day's sale of the stock of books, copyrights, stereotype and engraved plates of the late Mr. Bogue, the well-known bookseller of Fleet-street, when the following produced the price affixed to each:—"The Illustrated Byron," 8vo., the stereotype plates, and wood blocks, 900*l.*; "The Gallery of Byron Beauties," the stereotype and engraved steel plates, 140*l.*; Heath's "Waverley Gallery," thirty-six engraved steel plates, 130*l.*; "Rhymes and Roundelays in Praise of Country Life," the copyright, wood blocks, and 1000 copies, 700*l.*; "The Greatest Plague of Life," by the Brothers Mayhew, the copyright, stereotype, and steel plates, 160*l.*; "The Young Ladies' Book," the copyright, and wood blocks, 100*l.*; Miller's "Pictures of Country Life," the copyright, and wood blocks, 90*l.*; Miller's "Beauties of the Country," the copyright, 37*l.*; "The Illustrated Book of Songs for Children," the copyright, wood and music blocks, 50*l.*; "Tom Thumb's Alphabet," the wood blocks, 45*l.*; Blunt's "Beauties of the Heavens," the copyright and lithographic stones, 50*l.*—The new word "telegram" originated in India. The earliest instance of its use that has as yet been detected is in a dispatch from Major Birch, secretary to the Governor-General, to General Hearsey, which bears date April 21, 1857, and says: "A telegram to the following effect has this day been transmitted to you."—The Disney professorship of archaeology has been augmented by a bequest of 2500*l.* Consols from the founder, recently deceased.—The *Siecle* states that the possibility of uniting England and France by means of a submarine tunnel has been "practically and scientifically" considered by a skilful engineer, M. A. Thomé de Gamond. This gentleman has submitted his project in the first place to the Emperor, who was greatly struck with it. Afterwards the Minister of Public Works, in accord with the Minister of Marine, named a special commission, composed of the most eminent scientific notabilities. This commission has decided that M. Thomé de Gamond was no mere dreamer. The English Government have also named on their side a commission, and "it is probable that in the coming spring French and English engineers will apply themselves to the work of vigorously examining the practicability of the project."

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Another word about *Loss's Labours' Lost*—*As you Like it*.

OLYMPIC.—*Leading Strings*: a comedy in three acts, by Mr. Troughton. *Deadly Reports*: a comedieta, by Mr. Palgrave Simpson.

ADELPHI.—*The Drapery Question*; or, *Who's for India?* a farce, by Mr. Charles Selby. *Place aux dames!* I have been favoured with a letter from Miss Eliza Travers, dissenting from my verdict upon her *Jacquenetta*; and I subjoin such portions of it as are material, partly because it seems to me to be a very fair reply, and partly because it confirms my preconceived belief in the fact that no member of Mr. Phelps's company gives a reading of a part without reasons which to him or her appear to be good.

Though fully estimating your valuable remarks on the play at Sadler's Wells, I must be permitted to defend, rather than adopt your notice of my acting as *Jacquenetta*. If the few words assigned to the part and the context are referred to, you will find that, instead of a mere country lass, she is inferred to be a "half silly, uncouth country wench." I do not wish to shelter myself behind the ideas of any one else; but after the first few nights of the play I was reproved by Mr. Phelps for not making the character broad enough; and the "Pictorial Shakspeare," from which my costume was copied, represents the girl with the letter in the wild gallop at which you take exception. I fear that my performance of *Audrey*, this week, would give still more offence, though it has obtained for me so much encomium elsewhere: for I preserve all the rough traditions of the part (the red head, turnip, sunflower, &c.), and *Jacquenetta* is, I conceive, only a very inferior transcript of *Audrey*. Indeed, whatever of the natural feminine graces you kindly attribute to me I may really possess, it would be my duty, in such characters as these, to disguise rather than display them, since they are intended to contrast strongly with the refinement and delicacy of the other parts.

Now, in reply to Miss Travers, I would wish to observe that there are different kinds of "breadth"—artistically speaking—and I would ask her whether Mr. Phelps did not mean that her delineation of the part lacked vigour, and not coarseness—two very dif-

ferent qualities. There is nothing in Shakspeare that I can discover which gives countenance to a belief that *Jacquenetta* went about kicking up her heels as no rational human being ever kicked them up, as a common mode of locomotion. On the contrary, *Holofernes* (Act IV., Scene 2) says, "Trip and go, my sweet;" and I put it to Miss Travers whether even the euphuistic pedagogue could have had the face to call the scampering she uses *tripping*? That *Jacquenetta* was a "country wench" is most true; but the bucolic *Venus* is not necessarily awkward, uncomely, or even red-headed. She had beauty enough to win Costard, who was a shrewd fellow enough, and too much of the village Paris to put up with the worst "wench" in the country-side for his Helen. Armado, too, though a fool, was not absolutely mad; and there were probably some charms when "a soldier, a man of travel that hath seen the world," condescended to imitate King Cophetua. Let Miss Travers be sure, "all the rough traditions" notwithstanding, that Shakspeare gives no warrant for the concealment of her "feminine graces," and that she may, without offending against the bard, be what she is so well fitted to be—a graceful, pleasing, and lady-like actress.

Having disposed of this little matter, let me express my regret that I have not yet been able to pay another visit to Sadler's Wells, in order to see the revival of *As You Like It*. In the next impression, however, I shall doubtless have something to say about that sunny picture of sylvan greenery.

Although Mr. Troughton has taken some of his situations, and perhaps even a part of his conversational materials, from the French (and a good author will, like Molière, "take his property where he finds it"), I cannot regard *Leading Strings* in any other light than as a perfectly original work. The moral is an old one, that parental kindness will do more than parental severity—it is *Moral Suggestion rerum* Physical Force; but, old as it is, it is admirably illustrated in the contrasted characters of Mrs. Levenson and her bytler Binnings. The former adores her son Frank, and does everything in her power to promote his happiness; the latter bullies his boy until he drives him into the Dragoons. Young Levenson, having his own way, mistakes it for falling in love with an intriguing minx, one Miss Edith Belfort, a young lady of high birth and proud temper, but quite willing to gild her ancient scatheons with a little of the Levenson gold. Instead of vehemently opposing the wishes of her headstrong boy, Mrs. Levenson trusts to the old physician Time; brings Edith and her son together in a lonely old manor-house, until he grows fairly sick of his fancied *inamorata*; and finally the fond mother triumphs by bringing upon the field a pretty cousin, one Miss Flora Mackenzie, who speedily demolishes every vestige of the boyish whim, by substituting the fairer edifice of a solid and manly passion. The part of Mrs. Levenson is admirably sustained by Mrs. Stirling. Mr. Addison strikes a fine piece of original humour out of Binnings the butler; Mr. George Vining acts the part of young Levenson in a dashing manly style; Miss Wyndham's Flora is pretty and engaging; and the part of Edith Belfort is rendered by Miss Swarnborough with a natural grace and dignity which mark a decided advance in this very clever young artist's progress. Altogether the comedy of *Leading Strings*, without presenting any striking situations or effects of brilliant writing, may be pronounced to be a genuine and attractive work of art.

Mr. Palgrave Simpson's comedieta, *Deadly Reports*, seems to be a failure. I have not seen it, and, judging from what I hear, I probably never shall.

Mr. Selby's *Drapery Question* is a *pièce de circonstance*, based upon the popular cry about drapers enlisting for India. It is clever, smart, laughable, and full of stage effect, like everything which Mr. Selby does. Much fun is got out of a set-scene representing the interior of a draper's shop. The audience roars with genuine delight, and the little trifle will last—just as long as the silly whim which gave it birth.

JACQUES.

OBITUARY.

ALBERS, DR.—At Stuttgart, on the 27th ult., in the 63rd year of his age, Dr. Albers, private Consulting Physician to the King of Prussia, of some eminence as a naturalist, and well known to European conchologists by his works on the systematic classification of the land shells.

CRAWFORD, MR., the sculptor, aged 63, last week at Rome, where he has resided for the last twenty years. He was a native of New York. The "Flores and the Dancers" in the collection at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, are from his chisel.

HIRSTON, MR. Samuel, for many years publisher of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, on the 6th ult.

HOBLEY, Samuel John, sen., on the 23rd ult., at 70, Dean-street, Soho, aged 65, of gradual paralytic decay from softening of the brain. For many years medical publisher in Fleet-street.

HULBERT, Charles Esq., at Hadnal, near Shrewsbury, on the 7th ult. Mr. Hulbert was the author of the "History of Salop," and "The Antiquities of Cheshire."

TWISING, Mr. Richard, of the Strand, on the 14th ult., aged 85. He was an old and well-known Fellow of the Royal Society. **STRASSER, Dr. W. Th.**, on the 6th ult., aged 41. He was Professor of Philology at the University of Basle, had written on the *Satires of Horace*, and had contributed much to the history of his country.

VAUGHAN, Rev. R. Alfred, B.A., on Monday, at his house, Alexander-street, Westbourne-park. He was son of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Principal of the Lancashire Independent College. He took high honours in the University College and the London University, and he entered on the ministry first (in 1848) as the co-pastor of the Rev. William Jay, of Bath, whence he removed in 1850 to Steel-house-lane chapel, Birmingham. His health failing, he resigned his charge in 1855, and devoted himself exclusively to literature. He was the author of many articles in the *British Quarterly Review*, of which his father was the editor; and he published two volumes entitled "Hours with the Mystics."

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LONDON: Printed by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 10, Park-road, Hampstead, N.W., in the County of Middlesex, at his Printing-office, 13, Princes-street, New Turnstile, in the parish of St. Giles, Bloomsbury, and published by the said JOHN CROCKFORD, at 29, Essex-street, Strand, W.C., in the City of Westminster, on Monday, November 2, 1857.—All communications and orders to be addressed 29, ESSEX-STREET, STRAND, London, W.C.

